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Anthony

Wife of a Sailor—the Hon. Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd

Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd is the lovely wife of Lord Rennell's youngest son, was Miss Yvonne Marling before her wedding in 1932, and is the elder sister of Sir John Marling, Bt. Her husband, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. Gustaf Rennell Rodd, is at present with the Mediterranean Fleet. He had served as a sailor and also as a flying officer in the R.A.F. before the war, but had retired as a lieutenant-commander. He and his wife have two sons, aged eight and six, and a London house in Groom Place. Mrs. Rodd's brother, who married Miss Betty Somerset in 1939, has a daughter born a month ago



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

When Thieves Fall Out

MOST interesting in last week's news were the announcements from Rome that leading members of the Fascist Party had been sent from their posts in various Government offices to take up commissions with the Italian forces in the field. It was natural that there should be speculation as to whether the announcement that Count Ciano would resume his belligerent activities with a bombing squadron indicated that he had fallen from grace at the Palazzo Venezia.

During the Ethiopian War, Count Ciano displayed his abilities as a pilot by flying over the undefended territories of Haile Selassie, and on one occasion it was even reported that his aeroplane had been hit by bullets fired from the antiquated rifles with which the Ethiopian native forces were equipped. He also took part in some of the bombing operations against Republican Spain; though not for very long.

It is true that the Ciano family has had substantial financial interests in Germany, and that for a time Count Ciano felt himself to be in close sympathy with the German Nazis. When he and his wife, Mussolini's daughter Edda, visited Berlin a few years ago, much was made of them. Indeed, it was common gossip that party leader Hess joined the long list of Edda's admirers. But during Ciano's visit to Salzburg on the eve of Germany's attack on Poland, Hitler and Ribbentrop insulted him deeply. Thereafter he became progressively anti-German in his attitude, and made no secret of the fact when talking to English diplomats and visitors in Rome during that first period of war when Italy was non-belligerent.

Some people have said that Ciano was responsible for the bad information which led Mussolini to deliver his ill-fated ultimatum to the Greeks; that the Duce accepted that advice

in preference to the more expert counsels of Marshal Badoglio; that Ciano has been in Mussolini's bad books on this score, apart from the fact that he had turned anti-German. This might provide one explanation of the announcement that he had gone back to the bombers. But another reason is possible.

Boosting the Party

THERE can be no question that the Italian soldiery is fed up with the Italian officer class. While Badoglio himself is respected, it seems clear that the Italian officers as a whole have shown themselves to be of poor calibre. In an effort to stiffen the army Mussolini, trying to stave off the moment when the German General Staff would assume command, dispatched Black Shirt battalions and officers to the fields of operation. These dyed-in-the-wool Fascists do not appear to have proved more effective than the regular troops. In consequence party prestige, already at a low ebb, has continued on the downward path. It may be that Mussolini, now seriously perturbed for the security of the Fascist regime, is dispatching such leading members of the party as Ciano, Farrinacci and Bottai to take their places in the field as a sop to Italian public opinion.

In judging these matters it is worth while to remember that Edda is the Duce's favourite child and a most powerful personality, even though her married life with Count Ciano may not have been characterised by outstanding fidelity on either side. Ciano was being groomed for succession to the mantle of Duce. Much may have changed in the last hectic months and we no longer have those intimate sources of information as to what is going on in Rome which we enjoyed before Italy entered the war against us. Even so it would be rash to assume that Ciano has been dismissed from the Foreign Office in disgrace.

Conversely it is worth while to recall that Graziani, who was commanding the forces in Libya, was contemplating resignation at the same moment as Badoglio surrendered his post as Chief of the General Staff. Probably it would have become effective but for the fact that the British Army of the Nile struck before the formalities could be completed. No general commanding in the field could well resign in the opening days of so important a battle.

Trained in France

GENERAL PAPAGOS, who commands the Greek armies in the field, may well emerge as one of the great military figures of the present war. There seems to be no doubt that he is a soldier of quite outstanding abilities. It is interesting to recall that he was trained at the French École Supérieure de Guerre, the highest staff college of France. At the present time there is a British Military Mission in Greece, some three hundred strong. Many of these soldiers are detailed to advise the Greek army on the conduct of operations. While Greece is altogether grateful to Britain for her aid, there is, I gather, a pardonable reluctance to accept the theory that the Greek armies have anything to learn from Britain on the tactics of mountain warfare.

From this it should not be assumed that there is any lack of co-operation between British and Greeks. For example, most excellent relations exist between the British and Greek Air Forces. Greece is, of course, handicapped by the fact that her air force was equipped partially with British and partially with French and German aircraft. For these latter machines it is obviously no longer possible to obtain spare parts. Thus that portion of the Greek air arm available for operations in the field is probably no more than one third to one half of the total pre-war strength. But the pilots and ground staffs are said to be excellent, and the factory work is good in so far as its limited capacity permits.

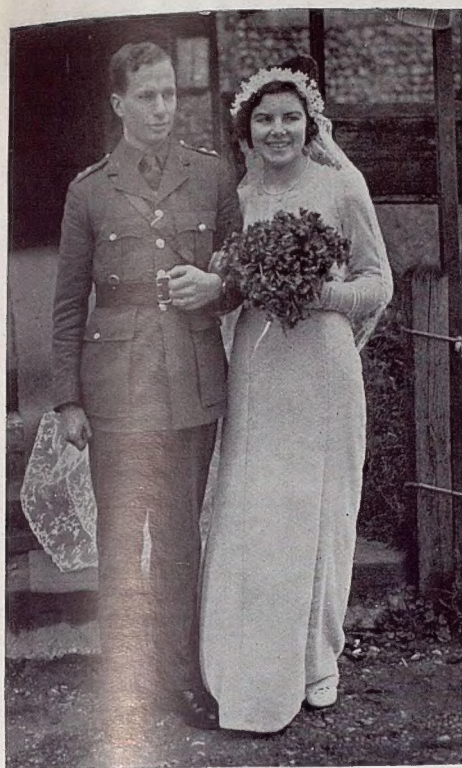
The Greeks are a proud people. They do not readily put any arm of their fighting services under the single command of the British. But this should not stand in the way of the closest collaboration, especially since it is freely recognised in Athens that the bulk of the air support in the Albanian campaign is being provided by the R.A.F.



Entertainment for the Free French Forces in Buckinghamshire

A game of pegotty was played by two Frenchmen watched by Lady Marjorie Beckett and Mrs. Jeanne Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell, who has a Croix de Guerre, is the only British subject to hold the position of Commandant of the Nursing Division of the F.F.F., and has restored to health two hundred Frenchmen in the hostel at her home

At a party given to members of the Free French Forces, when Lady Diana Worthington entertained them at Weston Underwood Manor, her Buckinghamshire home, five Frenchmen concentrated on a game (French halma?) played with their hostess, while the Hon. Mrs. Yorke, who helped at the party, looked on



At the Sussex Wedding of a Diplomat's Son

Lieut. Robert Charles Sanford Barclay, Intelligence Corps, and Miss Camilla Boughey, daughter of Sir George Boughey, Bt., and Lady Boughey, of Malling House, Lewes, Sussex, were married at South Malling Church. He is the son of the late Sir Colville Barclay, former Ambassador at Lisbon, and Lady Vansittart. On the right are Lady Vansittart and her husband, Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Secretary



under the occupation by Germany; but with this important difference. Thanks to the general attitude of Britain and the British forces, they are coming to understand that the occupation will last only until the defeat of Germany. They are learning to believe the British when they say that they have no desire to stay there once peace has been restored to the world.

Meantime the Icelanders are not doing badly out of the war. They grow magnificent mutton and have admirable fishing. Their products are being exported to Britain in a steady stream at prices which are bringing a degree of prosperity unknown before the war.

Air Training in America

A HINT originally dropped in London by Colonel Bill Donovan when he visited England last summer is about to bear fruit. Colonel Donovan, travelling reporter for the American Defence Departments, suggested confidentially that the British air training scheme being carried out in Canada might be substantially augmented and speeded up if arrangements were made to use training grounds in the United States. Even at that relatively early stage in the formation of American opinion the States, Colonel Donovan thought, would be prepared to give facilities. It was pointed out that perfect flying conditions are to be found in California and other parts of the continent when the Canadian

(Concluded on page 216)

Straight from Iceland

A RECENT visitor to London has been Mr. Charles Howard Smith, His Majesty's Minister in Reykjavik. During his visit to London he called daily at the Foreign Office to discuss questions of policy affecting this far northern island.

Iceland is in a curious position. It is an independent country, but giving allegiance to the sovereignty of the King of Denmark. Denmark has been occupied by the Germans. To ensure that the same fate did not overtake Iceland, which lies on one route from the British Isles to North America, the country has been occupied by British forces.

Recently the Icelanders, prizing their independence highly, have been discussing the desirability of severing their royal connexion with Denmark and proclaiming themselves to be an independent Republic. The treaty which regulates the constitutional position of the King of Denmark as Sovereign of Iceland expired at the end of last year.

The Icelanders, however, are not being encouraged by Britain to move hastily in this matter. The treaty provides for a three years' period for reconsideration, and during that period, say the British, the war will have been ended with the defeat of Germany. There will be time enough thereafter for Iceland to determine her future rôle in the world, and this may well be more important than it has been hitherto.

Old Norwegian Culture

THE Icelanders are proud of their very ancient northern culture. Indeed they consider themselves in some ways the parents of civilisation in the northern parts of the British Isles. They regard the British forces of occupation as invaders hardly less than the Danes when considering their own situation



Studio Lisa

Queen Elizabeth and Princess Elizabeth

When the King and Queen paid a visit to a R.A.F. Coastal Command, Princess Elizabeth and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, were allowed to accompany them. This must have been a thrilling occasion for them; Princess Elizabeth sat at the controls of one of the aircraft, while her sister focused the bomb sights. The Queen has travelled many hundreds of miles on visits to units of the Services, and to the bombed cities of Britain

Myself at the Pictures

Two Nightmares

By James Agate

MY work never worries me. Meaning that I don't, as business men say, take my work home with me. Meaning further, since I do all my work at home, that when I go to bed I don't dream about it. Or very seldom. The other night was an exception. I had been to see *Freedom Radio* at the Regal, and in my dreams this picture and *Escape*, at the Empire, about which I have already written, became inextricably mixed.

In my nightmare the story ran something like this. Clive Brook badly wanted two things—to get a portable wireless transmitter into Germany and to get his mother, an old lady called Nazimova, out of Germany, where she had got into the hands of the Gestapo. But there were obstacles. For one thing, Clive was a German doctor and Hitler's personal physician. For another, he was married to Norma Shearer who, as a loyal American wife, strongly objected to her husband carrying on with Diana Wynyard, a famous teacher of skating. This lady, for a sideline, would appear at the Berchtesgaden Opera House as Isolde to the Tristan of Conrad Veidt, which greatly annoyed a rival tenor, one Robert Taylor, more particularly because he was enamoured of Norma whom he was trying to protect from the unwelcome attentions of Raymond Huntley. All of which, I take it, is as clear as day.

Now Huntley was a favourite of Himmler, which meant that he must keep a close eye on any box, trunk, portmanteau or packing

case which (a) went into, or (b) came out of Germany.

On the principle that guns are butter and that in wartime everything is what it least looks like, Huntley decided that whatever package imported the Freedom radio set would be used to export Nazimova who, remembering her triumphant appearance as Juliet, would be certain to try the famous potion trick.

The Swiss frontier being lined from Zurich to Basle by two intrepid guards, John Penrose and Martita Hunt, detection of the fake coffin was easy. One short, sharp bark from Huntley and the coffin lid, being opened, disclosed Conrad Veidt who had been buried with all his medals in mistake for an Italian general. By the same parcel post as the coffin came the award to Norma Shearer of the Nobel skating prize—this being a radio set capable of transmitting messages uttered in the cultured accents of Clive Brook but no other—and a second-class ticket for New York made out in the name of Nazimova's maid, who was, of course, the old lady herself.

BUT Veidt was not dead after all. "Give me the chancellery," he said. And the connexion being made, he thundered as nearly as a neon with an eye glass can afford to thunder: "Mein Fuehrer, Nazimova hat escaped!" That we did not hear the Fuehrer's reply was due to the fact that, at that very moment, one Derek Farr, an electrician, cut all the lines in France, Switzerland

and Germany, whereby no voice could be heard except that of Clive Brook announcing over the Freedom Radio that tomorrow, at eight o'clock precisely, Frau Wynyard would make her first appearance in *The Buttered Bride*. Whereupon Martita bit off Philip Dorn's nose, which was odd of her because this was the first time they had met.

And there my dream stopped. I was awakened by the noise of snowflakes falling on the cobble stones of Old Vienna.

The truth is that *Freedom Radio* is an improbable story which not even the skill of Mr. Anthony Asquith can quite save.

I TAKE it that nothing could prevent *You Will Remember* at the London Pavilion from stirring the emotions of anybody of my generation. How fresh, in the early nineties, was the lilt of Leslie Stuart's melodies! And how subtly mixed with pathos!

Stuart was a melodist in the way that Schubert was a melodist. Indeed, if the tunes were unknown, I would be prepared to slip into any Liedersinger's programme a newly discovered Wiegand by Schubert entitled: "Bleibet Mutter Immer Bei Dir?" And challenge Mr. Ernest Newman or any other distinguished musical critic to deny its authenticity. What a charming tune it is, and how amply was its promise fulfilled!

BUT as a production, how creaking and old-fashioned, how nightmarish, and horribly British the film is!

It is also, I venture to think, quite miscast. At least I do not believe that Tom Barrett, alias Leslie Stuart, could ever have been mistaken for Oscar Wilde. Perhaps the fault lies in Mr. Robert Morley's earlier performance at the Gate Theatre, where he brought that astonishing poseur to unforgettable life. And it is again Wilde that he creates here; Wilde with all his purring suavity and velvet aplomb. Does Leslie Stuart order the furniture removers to put down their piano that, in the street, he may play Eugene Stratton his new song? Yes, but the impertinence of the behest is pure Oscar. The Lancashire composer may have been up to saying: "Bohemians, my dear fellow, may sometimes die; they never grow old." But I feel that Stuart never gave his quips—and this film contains many—the Old Bailey air.

There is a part for Mr. Emyln Williams as Tom Barrett's humble friend. This, admittedly is not a good part. But Mr. Williams does little with it, and does that little wrong.

The real trouble is that there is not enough mind about or behind this film, the scenario of which should have been entrusted to some experienced playwright with orders to turn the slight story of a minor composer's grandeur and decadence into a cavalcade of musical comedy in the nineties.

HOWEVER, as I say, the tunes themselves are not to be destroyed. One of them, "The Lily of Laguna," is immortal in the sense that when Beethoven and Wagner, yea and Handel himself are forgotten, this fragment of the music hall, echoing and embodying the shadowy steps of Eugene Stratton, will still be in the morning of existence. Jazz and swing may put an end to the nobler flowers of music, and probably will. They are powerless against the lily and the rose of Leslie Stuart.

But how right Miss Dilys Powell is to describe this film as "Late Neolithic." For myself, I should prefer to call it Early Stone Age.



"You Will Remember"

Robert Morley plays Tom Barrett—alias Leslie Stuart, whose famous ballads included "The Lily of Laguna"—and Emyln Williams (left) plays Bob Slater, his faithful friend and helper. Others in the cast are Tom E. Finglass as Eugene Stratton, and Dorothy Hyson as Ellaline Terriss, and there is the full Grenadier Guards band. Mr. Agate reviews the film this week



Whirlwind Willkie

A Big-Hearted American Visits Great Britain

For the last week England has felt the impact, through report, comment, photograph and newsreel, of the man who in five months persuaded more than twenty million of his countrymen to vote for him as their would-be President. The impression has been rather that of a big friendly whirlwind, full of a vitalising energy, curiosity and optimism. Every one knows that Wendell Willkie is here as a private citizen, that he came for two weeks, that he wanted to see every one and everything—ministers, the House of Commons, heads of the Church, of industry, of the Allied Governments here. Mr. De Valera, bombed towns, shelters, the man in the street, factories, methods of production—and to discover what we think, do, and plan to do. Through this colossal programme Mr. Willkie is whirling his way, untidy, boisterous, humorous, and above all, radiating goodwill and sympathy. When he arrived he said, "I am attempting to do all I can to unite the United States to give England all the assistance it possibly can in her struggle for free men all over the world." It did us good to hear that, and Mr. Willkie's presence here has given us a kind of personal assurance that he'll do us good when he gets home again.



"A great man," said Mr. Willkie of the Prime Minister with whom he lunched the day after his arrival in Britain. They talked for an hour and three-quarters



"A swell guy," commented Mr. Willkie on Mr. Ernest Bevin with whom he had an hour's interview after his lunch at 10 Downing Street. "We both got so interested that I stayed longer than I meant to"



"Very much impressed" was Mr. Willkie with Cardinal Hinsley whom he visited during one of last Tuesday's air raids while gunfire could be heard overhead

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Dear Brutus (Globe)

BEFORE the curtain has been up at the Globe Theatre for (is it?) ten seconds, five female guests have made their appearance in the drawing-room of Lob's house in the country, these five female guests being (in alphabetical order of surnames) Zena Dare, Ursula Jeans, Mary Jerrold, Margaret Rawlings and Nora Swinburne, with Roger Livesey as butler in attendance.

This prompt materialisation of big names comfortably confirms the audience, which has been attracted even more by the illustrious all-star cast than by Barrie's famous play, in a feeling that the performance will bear out the promise of the posters; and when the male guests, having answered the question, "Shall we join the ladies?" in the affirmative, enter the stage in their turn and in the accomplished persons of (alphabetically again) John Gielgud, Leon Quartermaine and Ronald Ward, with George Howe as host, assurance would seem to have been made doubly sure.

Whether Barrie's *Midsummer Night's Whimsey* will or will not stand the test of time remains to be seen. But with such a house-party, there can surely be nothing amiss in the interpretation.

EXPERIENCE, however, has taught us that all-star casts rarely add up in practice to the total they so brilliantly achieve in theory. The trouble commonly is that the performance degenerates into a kind of competition. The actors act not so much *with* as *against* each other, fighting, as it were, for victory. And the chief excitement in the auditorium is to see who will win.

Nothing outrageous of this kind happens at

the Globe. There is no indecent scramble for honours. On the contrary, the players throughout most discreetly subdue themselves to the quality of their material and the devil take the billing. Yet the performance, admirable as it is, still leaves much, whether reasonably or unreasonably, to be desired. In the last analysis it proves less satisfactory, even though it may be better than it might have been had the players been less celebrated.



George Howe as Lob



Mary Jerrold as Mrs. Coode

THE explanation of this is simple enough. I have already said that the audience at the Globe is as much attracted by the cast as by the play. From such a thrilling cast the audience anticipates acting thrills. It does not get acting thrills because the play does not provide opportunities for acting thrills. Expectations are not realised. Disappointment inevitably sets in.

Can this be the Margaret Rawlings who has been hailed as the great emotional actress of the future? Can this be the Nora Swinburne whose wit and charm have made her an actress-manageress? Can this be the Ursula Jeans whose delicious art we have so often so enthusiastically acclaimed?

They can. They are. Their performances are unexceptionable. But they don't seem to be doing enough. And so the very title of the piece is curiously falsified, the fault, dear Brutus, being willy-nilly in our stars that we are thus. The carefully planned enterprise becomes hoist with its own petard.

As to the play, whether it does or does not stand the test of time I am not in a position to say, never having seen it before and finding it hard to believe that, had I been there on the first night of all, I would have found it any less embarrassing than I do today. Having waited expectantly for the famous second act in the Never-Never-Wood where everybody gets a second chance, I was surprised to find it so lacking in content, its only outstanding feature being the long colloquy between Mr. Dearth and the daughter he might have had.

This is probably the daddiest daddy scene in all dramatic daddydom. The more you watch it, the less you know which way to look. Mr. Gielgud, for all his skill, did not seem quite the right man for this occasion, being anything but a sentimental actor.

Bitterness, after all, is his *forte*. Not for him, on the stage, to achieve his Might-Have-Been. Nor, while I watched Muriel Pavlow (a coming actress) playing as Little Miss Mumsy, did I feel that it was in her bones to respond to the wave of the Barrie wand. I could not banish from my mind the performance Hilda Trevelyan no doubt would have given in the part if it hadn't originally been played by Faith Celli.

ONE leaves the theatre wondering whether it can be that Barrie, who wouldn't grow up when he was alive, has now at last grown old? Either he is too old now for me, or I am too old now for him. But that does not mean that I may not have been wiser when I was a little boy.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



John Gielgud as Mr. Dearth, Muriel Pavlow as Margaret, Margaret Rawlings as Mrs. Dearth



Swarbrich Studios

"I Was Poor, But I Could Give Her the Stars"

In Lob's enchanted wood where everyone sees his or her might-have-been, Dearth meets his dream-daughter and tells her what he would have done if—and if—and if. . . . At the Globe John Gielgud plays the part created by Gerald du Maurier twenty-three years ago, and Muriel Pavlow plays dream-child Margaret. Last time these two met on the stage was in *Dear Octopus*, in which Miss Pavlow, then aged sixteen, had her first big success as Scrap. John Gielgud's all-star revival of *Dear Brutus* is reviewed by Mr. Farjeon on the opposite page, and elsewhere (p. 194) Mr. Wyndham Lewis describes what an earlier revival of Barrie's play did to him personally

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Reception

NUMBER 18, Grosvenor Place, makes a very nice place for the new Czechoslovak Institute, with lovely big rooms opening out of one another, and plenty of embossed gilt. Sir John Chancellor, vice-chairman of the British Council, received the guests, and Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Jan Masaryk both spoke at the opening.

Afterwards there were tea and coffee and little cakes and sandwiches, and all sorts of people were there—the President of Czechoslovakia, of course, and Mme. Benes, Lord Samuel, Lady Rhondda, M.P.s Geoffrey Shakespeare, Geoffrey Mander, Captain Crookshank, Sir Thomas Moore.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone was enthusiastic about Polish literature, and quoted a blood-and-thunder trilogy which, she said, was guaranteed to make anyone want to start flag-waving and marching.

There was a friendly mingling of nations, and lots of photographing before the party broke up.

Out and About

DIANA BERKELEY OWEN has cute, rather Hollywood sort of looks, and wears very attractive red-flower ear-rings. She is a sister of Frank Tyrrell-Martin, the polo player, who is now in America, and anxious to get back here as quickly as he can.

Lady Bridgett Poulett's hair is very becoming, done on top of her head; she has an absurd and attractive black poodle, very miniature, and is working hard at the War Office. Her mother is in London again, looking grand, as she always does.

It is nice to see Sir Walter Allen out and about again, after his serious illness in the autumn. He is head of the Special Constabulary, and father of G. O. Allen, the famous cricketer.

Mr. Jim Lawrence and Prince Starhemberg are ardent restaurant-goers who don't look like starving yet. Apropos starving, someone went to a big store to buy a cake, and, confronted by a temporary emptiness (just rows of vacant silver mats to weigh down the sturdy marble counters), exclaimed: "Goodness! The Libyan Desert after the Aussies have been there!"

And talking of deserts, a Hyde Park speaker remarked that these were what Hitler would get after the war. "He won't get no ——— sweets from me!" angrily shouted a jolly Jack Tar in the crowd.

Spring Indoors

THERE was the first suggestion of the spring in Air Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney's flat when they had their lovely cocktail-party last week. Lilies, carnations, roses—the first of all the favourite flowers—were there to remind people of the importance of being happy.

The party was in honour of Air Vice-Marshal L. S. Breadner, Canadian Chief of Air Staff, and there were lots of people to meet him. Lady Courtney looked very decorative in a scarlet house-coat, and her attractive daughter, Valerie, very young widow of Commander Bickford, was in black and gold. Mrs. Sholto Douglas, wife of Air Marshal Sholto Douglas, the new Commander-in-Chief, was an attractive guest; so was Mrs. "Babe" Turnbull, one of the three lovely Brackenbury sisters.

Miss Pauline Gower, the airwoman, was there; Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, Lord Donegall, Captain Harold Balfour, Lord and Lady Riverdale, Lady Doverdale, Mr. Eric Bowater, Air Vice-Marshal Stevenson, and lots of Air Force uniforms, M.P.s, and charming women, including Mrs. Michael Scanlon, who came with General Scanlon—

both are American, and he is U.S. Air and Military Attaché here.

Explorer

ONE vaguely supposes that women explorers must be tough, scaly things, rather like crocodiles, to have survived their times in the impenetrable jungles, fever swamps, bleak mountain passes, desolate plateaux, and often mule-less mule tracks. But no; generally they are dainty, appealing creatures, who look as if they have never managed with less than a centrally heated suite and private bathroom.

Miss Violet Cressy Marcks (Mrs. Fisher in private life) is a vigorous explorer of long standing, but cleverly manages to be quite small and fair and ineffective-seeming. She has just published a most interesting book, called *Journey into China*, beautifully illustrated with photographs, some of them quite lovely. All sorts of hardships and adventures are described—there are stories of the war and of politics—and the authoress has a gift for observing people.

There is a good chapter about the origin of the Chinese race and culture, and the early calligraphy and customs.

Theatre

"THE BLUE GOOSE" is an amusing comedy to drift through an afternoon with; it is interesting to look back at pre-war small-town life, when the annual Gilbert and Sullivan by the amateur operatic society was the peak of the year's activities. Miss Iris Hoey is grand as the typical small-town "Mamma" who has been playing juvenile lead in the said operatics since their foundation twenty years before, and Miss Davina Craig is quite nostalgic as the awful maid everyone comes across at some time or another.

Mr. Ian Lubbock, as the earnest young accountant who enjoys accounting, is what is known as a newcomer, having only very recently taken to acting at all. He has achieved the West End with plenty of aplomb, and plays the piano very nicely in the play: as he should, being the son of Miss Irene Scharer.

Mr. Billy Merson looks more like a ventriloquist's doll than ever; and Miss Rosalind Atkinson could lead a hornpipe with any admiral's wife there has ever been.



Supping in London

Lieut. Philip Dunn, only son of Sir James Hamet Dunn, Bt., had supper at one of London's night resorts with his wife, Lady Mary Dunn. Before her marriage in 1933 she was Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine, daughter of the fifth earl of Rosslyn. The Duns have two little girls, Serena and Nell, born in 1934 and 1936



Out for the Evening

Arriving at the same rendezvous were Lady Patricia Ward and Squadron Leader Robert Lutyens. Owing to the quieter nights offered to Londoners lately by the Luftwaffe, the restaurants have been fuller than before. Lady Patricia Ward is the youngest of the Earl of Dudley's three sisters



Irish Christening—Ann Selina Morgan

Ann Selina Morgan, born last September and recently christened in Dublin, is the younger daughter of Pilot Officer and Mrs. Llewellyn Morgan. Their elder daughter, with them here, is called Mary. Pilot Officer Morgan, R.A.F.V.R., is the only son of Sir Herbert Morgan, formerly associate editor of the "Sunday Times." His wife was Miss Pauline Besson, is the daughter of Mr. G. P. Besson, of Lower Tinahely, Rathnew, Co. Wicklow



English Christening—John Clive Gough Jones

John Clive Gough Jones is the son of Major and Mrs. Montague Jones, and was christened at St. Albans Cathedral. His father is the son of the late Major Montague Jones, of Swanage, Dorset, and his mother is one of the four daughters of General Sir Hubert and Lady Gough. General Gough has been a zone organiser in London of the Home Guard since May of last year

Cabaret

BOYER and Ravel, now at the May Fair, are a pair of dancers who really do stand out. They are so good that their dancing is real drama, and it is impossible not to enjoy this masterpiece of violent, but mathematically timed, rhythm.

Around the town on the same evening were Lady Weymouth, tall, dark and lovely in mink; Prince and Princess Nicholas Pavlovsky; Miss Prudence Hyman, of the ballet, very slinky in black; Mr. Michael de Vere, of the same glamorous calling; Mr. Everard Hambro, in khaki; also Lord Rosslyn; and Mr. Peter Kimber, representing publishing, with Mr. Aubrey Clerke.

The Belvoir Hunt

THE Duke of Rutland, who has taken over the Mastership of the Belvoir Hunt, is the youngest M.F.H. ever to be associated with the famous pack, as he is only just twenty-one. He succeeds Colonel Gordon Colman, who held the position for ten years. The Mastership was always held by the reigning Duke (by whom the hounds are lent) until 1896, since when there have been all sorts of different people.

As a parting gift, the Colonel, who is now busy with the war, was presented by his friends on the Lincolnshire side with a massive silver cigar-box and an illuminated address, in appreciation of his services. Until happier times crop up again the Hunt is being carried on to keep down foxes, and George Tongue, the popular huntsman, is attending to that all right.

Until the young Duke, also on war service, is able to take the field, matters on the Lincolnshire side are being controlled by Sir George Whichcote, of Aswarby Hall.

Two Poles

MR. CHURCHILL has just sent, through his secretary, Mr. Martin, a graceful letter of appreciation to Mr. Stefan Kleczkowski, who lately wrote a very interesting article about the Prime Minister in the *Fighting Poland* (*Polska Walczaca*), organ of the Polish Army in Great Britain.

A great traveller and linguist, he has "covered," during the past fifteen years,

practically every major political event in Europe and in the States, and knows from personal contacts many leading European and American statesmen, soldiers and diplomats. He edited a Polish paper in New York, and is now Polish correspondent of *The Times*.

Jolly Professor S. Stronski, Polish Minister of Information, has just been entertained to a luncheon by the Overseas League, when he gave some hard knocks to Herr Hitler's much-heralded "New Order in Europe."

Like good tennis players who announce

that they can't play tennis at all, the Professor announced that his English was no English at all, and then proceeded to express himself clearly and pointedly.

Sir William Max Muller, who was for many years British Envoy, spoke admiringly of Polish courage and endurance. Lady Rumbold, the wife of another British Envoy in Poland, was listening, and the second guest of honour was Mr. Henry Strassburger, Polish Minister of Finance, and formerly Polish High Commissioner in Danzig.



Irish Shooting Party—a Group at Kilruddery

The Earl of Meath had a very good two-day pheasant shoot at Kilruddery, his home in Co. Wicklow. Five of the guns were Capt. R. Jameson, Mr. Cecil Hodson, brother of Sir Edmund Hodson, Captain Lord Ardee, Mr. L. S. Smith, and Lieut.-Col. Claude Pratt. In front are the Countess of Meath and Lady Ardee. Lord Ardee, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is Lord Meath's son and heir. He married last year Miss Elizabeth Bowlby, daughter of the late Captain Geoffrey Bowlby and the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen

Vivian Poole

Letter From The Bahamas

By Pamela Murray



Lady Boles and her nine-year-old son, Jeremy, were the first refugee mother and child to reach Nassau last July. Her husband, Sir Gerald Boles, was A.D.C. to the Governor of Bermuda in 1927-29

Three more young refugees from England are the daughters of Mrs. Michael Walker-Cathcart-Heneage. The two small ones are twins. Like the other children on these pages, they were photographed at the Government House Christmas party



Mrs. Vyryan Drury is the wife of a member of the Duke of Windsor's staff, and has with her in Nassau her daughter by her first marriage, Valerie Soames. The Drurys already knew the Bahamas before the war



A Nassau householder is Mrs. Nelson Odman, Boston-born wife of Swedish husband. She works hard for the local Red Cross organisation

Arrival

IT does this emigrée good to see the Union Jack flying from Government House. Though deeply appreciating the protection of the Stars and Stripes and all it means, I enjoyed the thrill of setting foot on British soil when the Munargo (an antique floating institution) docked in transit from New York to Havana, with a bunch of vociferous American cruisees, whose chief topic of conversation throughout the trip had been the respective prices of perfume (scent to you) on the various islands to be visited.

First faces on the quay belonged to Mrs. Fred Sigrist (welcoming her house guests, the Carman Mesmores), the Hon. Harold Christie, of the Legislative Council, who is Sir Harry Oakes' able right-hand realtor; and D'Arcy Rutherford, who, aged forty-six, is waiting impatiently to be recalled, and has been told a dozen times by the War Office, and by Washington, to hold on to his job until he is wanted. Consequently, he resents having received a white feather from a former St. Moritz pal who has been lucky enough to secure a commission.

Traditional Look-In

YOUR correspondent is not much of a pub-crawler, but it being part of the local tradition to see who's in the British Colonial bar on arrival, I duly looked. Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman were present. He used to be married to Lady Idina Sackville (to give her the first of all her transient names), and she was Jack Coats' widow, a Canadian, whose attractive sister became the second Mrs. D'Arcy Rutherford. There too were Frazier Jelke, who has taken a house as a change from a houseboat, and his guest Count Vincent Orsich, once of Austria and later the husband of an American heiress.

The Frank Goldsmiths and their sons made a happy family foursome, drinking tea together. They left France with nothing more than what they wore, stopped long enough in London to make arrangements to spend the rest of the war in Nassau, and here they are, with a little house on the quiet side of the island. The fair Marcelle is thriving, but Frank would be happier with something to do. Having directed the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, both the Beach Hotels there, the Carlton at Cannes, and the Scribe in Paris, plus being on the board of Claridge's, the Berkeley and the Carlton, he is the man Nassau has been crying out for to work up its hotels and so attract the more exigent Americans and Canadians. A little bird tells me that le Majeur Goldsmith would be willing to make this his war contribution gratis.

Charity

THE generosity of Bahamians to war charities is seemingly inexhaustible. The other night, for instance, an amateur revue was on the air. Before the show finished, over £50 had been telephoned from listeners on the outer islands, where means are modest. Several Spitfires have been subscribed. The Red Cross and other organisations command widespread support.

In this connection, the season virtually opened two nights before Christmas at Mrs. Munson's dance, in the tropical garden of the Hotel Victoria. Guests gave what they would, and over £65 was handed to the Duchess of Windsor at the end of a beautiful starlit evening. Mrs. Munson is a character, and her hotel has tremendous atmosphere. Built in the days of the war of the North and South,



Major and Mrs. Frank Goldsmith and their sons (left) are in Nassau for the duration. She is French. They are both old friends of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on the French Riviera



Sonia and Michael Shurey, children of Mr. "Reg" Shurey and Mrs. George Ismay, are the refugee guests of two well-known Bahamians, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vernay. He is a noted botanist and big-game shot

as Americans still call the Civil War, it began in a blaze of excitement, patronised by Confederate Naval officers who were running the blockade.

Local History

LUNCH patrons at the Hotel Victoria this Christmas included the Belmont School of about fifty boys and girls from England, who are referred to as "evacuees," not "refugees," as in the United States: note the distinction!

The children were interested to hear that the long ballroom, now nearly a hundred years old, was once the scene of a dinner in honour of two young men—Austin and Neville Chamberlain—who then enjoyed the reflected glory of their father "Joe." Neville Chamberlain stayed on in the Bahamas for seven years, learning to manage a sisal plantation—his first job after business school in Birmingham. Miss Mosely, who, as a child, had "peeked" at the dinner from behind the screens, was telling tales of old Nassau to the evacuees whom she has "adopted" as an additional interest.

Miss Mosely is as great a Nassau character as Mrs. Munson. She owns an island which, as she puts it, "my father bought from Queen Victoria," and she owns and runs the *Nassau Guardian*, works untiringly for St. Dunstan's, and displays the public spirit which characterises the backbone of our Empire. She is not proud of her distant kinsman Sir Oswald Mosley (putting it mildly), whose branch of this prolific Midland clan dropped the middle "e."

At Government House

THE aforementioned children had spent a delirious morning at Government House, where H.R.H. and the Duchess gave each child a present from the tree. These were labelled in longhand, the labels being as much appreciated as the presents, which ranged from machine-guns to racing cars. The Duke is very good at playing with small boys and motor-cars on the floor—an accomplishment which few men achieve without self-consciousness.

He and the Duchess were no sooner through with the children's party than they went to wish the hospital a Merry Christmas, having, of course, been to church. They did several more things in the afternoon; in fact, their Christmas effort had begun a week before, and is still in progress as I write. They most emphatically do not spare themselves. H.R.H. can be heard typing in his office at all hours, and seen bicycling about his business.

Incidentally, the three Cairns who used to follow him everywhere, now follow the Duchess upstairs and downstairs as she sets her house in order. Two of the dogs are sweet as sugar, but the third dislikes nearly everybody, and enjoys a good old British grumble at the top of his lungs.

The house is entirely charming and I look forward to telling you more about it next week. A section of the American Press with a "down on the Windsors" has implied that the redecoration was superfluous and extravagantly carried out. Having visited Government House in two previous "reigns," in my opinion a thorough spring-cleaning was overdue. Several old carpets have been dyed, and all the chairs used again, under a lick of paint. The new things have been chosen for their lasting qualities—such as the cork tiling in the hall—as much as for appropriate good looks. After all, the King's representative should be becomingly housed.



Carrying an armful of parcels is Mrs. Hall Parlyby; mother of Lady Boles (see far left), and widow of Major Hall Parlyby, of Manadon, Plymouth. With her is one of the Duke of Windsor's A.D.C.s, Captain George Wood

Mrs. James Crooks, wife of the Harley Street specialist, is staying with Lady Oakes in the Bahamas, and has her daughters, Jennifer and Sarah, with her

Miss Mary Mosely owns the "Nassau Guardian," and a Bahamian island. Her war guests are Mrs. Montagu Madden and young David Madden, refugee-ing from London



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN Arcadia at the moment the chief topic of the rude four-flushers of the hamlet over their evening pint is the Government's sudden realisation, by all accounts, that it may not be in the best national interests after all to draft every skilled hayseed off the land into the Army, as threatened; at the same time yelling hoarsely for more home-grown food. Arcadia's conjecture is that somebody has been up to Lunnion and hit them.

Joe Potts and Henry Glue have already gone glumly from our village to stamp round and form threes; both are pure Anglo-Saxon peasant types, sprung from generation after generation of tillers of the soil, knowing and loving the land better than their own mothers and highly skilled in every department of their immemorial and noble craft. To attain their degree of land-wisdom will take a lifetime, apart from the heritage of centuries; that is, supposing such things can be learned at all.

The girls who have taken their place are eager and admirable, and Arcadia, admitting this at length, looks down its nose and changes the subject. It thinks the Government a hem ornary ole set-out, believe you us.

NEWSPAPER photographs of little actresses in Land Army costume tending ducks interest Arcadia greatly, though not so greatly as occasional letters, brief and non-committal, from Henry Glue and Joe Potts, whose hands, made to handle the tools of agriculture with sensitive mastery, are rather clumsy so far with the rifle. Setting Kreisler to chop wood is the obvious parallel, except that we may soon be depending on the Glues and Potts still left on the land for our bare existence.

Oh, Whitehall, what a tease you are (we translate and bowdlerise roughly from the Arcadian). How you do go it!

Woofle

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S directions, in her recently-published will, that Mr. Shaw's letters to her should be printed in "one independent volume" were characteristic of that vivid, fascinating, rather maddening personality and her aloof, imperial attitude towards the facts of Life. For although the volume would undoubtedly be a world best-seller—so fearlessly could the redoubtable Slogger woofle in fearful baby-talk, as one celebrated letter already published reveals—Mrs. Campbell forgot, or didn't know, or haughtily dismissed, the British laws of copyright.

These are a great boon to the careless. If, for example, the wealthy Winky-Dinky is moved by cruel Eros to bare his throbbing heart in written words to the blonde Oogle-Poogle, the copyright remains Winky-Dinky's and Oogle-Poogle must not publish them, though she may (and often does) soak the terrified Winky-Dinky for the Big Dough, either by threatening an action for heart-balm or actually proceeding to those severe lengths.

Footnote

THE Campbell-Shaw affair has long ago been explained by both parties as pure platonism. The bandit Frank Harris in his book on Mr. Shaw doesn't think much of the Slogger's emotional capacity anyway, though gentle Mrs. Dorothy Parker once pensively remarked on the beauty of the most passionate love-affair of the ages—that between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Shaw.

The poet Yeats, who said that H. G. Wells



"And now, dear, let's go somewhere and have a nice careless talk"

had a mind like a sewing-machine, never described the heart of G. B. Shaw. Our own feeling is that if you shook the old gentleman—deprecatingly and with great respect, for he can be very kindly—he would rattle.

Veg.

THAT citizen recently fined for planting strawberries instead of potatoes was, of course, a professional gardener bored with Mother Earth's normal efforts and ready in his cynical abandon to force the patient old besom to yield him yuccas, pineapples and hibiscus, war or no war.

This attitude is incomprehensible to the thousands of amateurs who are realising the Mother's capabilities for the first time. You dubiously stick into her ample bosom what looks like food for goldfish, and up come vegetables of the most exhilarating kind. It is incredible.

GROWING your own celery, a chap tells us, is an almost lyrical pursuit. It comes up more white and crisp and delicious than you get it at any restaurant, and moreover you can eat it privately without paining the French, who have a curious hatred of raw celery. Yet many epicures would rather eat a fresh white heart of celery with their cheese than recline in a yacht under soft Pacific skies and be kissed on the brow by Claudette Colbert; or at least, they'd like to be eating celery as well, crunching very slowly and quietly in order not to give La Colbert the impression (like the chap in the Wodehouse story) that somebody was running out the anchor-chains.

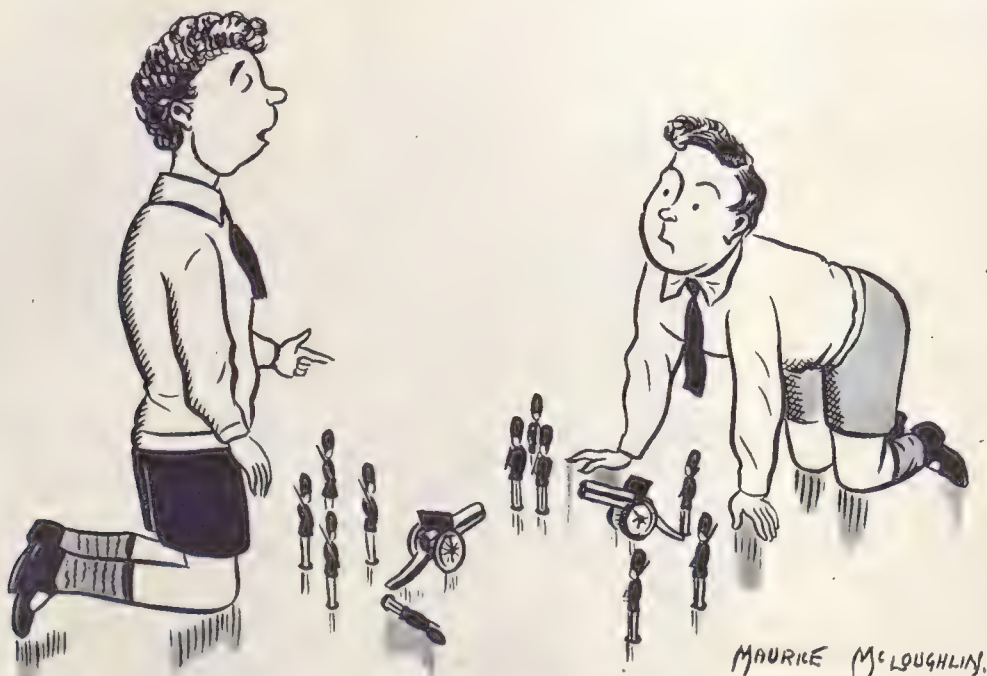
Parsnips are another vegetable the French take a poor view of, for some reason, feeding them chiefly to hogs, and also to hermits. When the saintly Francis of Paula visited Louis XI., his habit of asking for nothing but parsnips once a day at first staggered his host, and then delighted him with its economy.

But the fantasies of food-eaters are endless. A chap once told us his great-grandfather escaped from cannibals purely by being an Old Harrovian, the impression among those simple savages being, rightly or wrongly, that Old Harrovians taste of camphor.

Ban

By politely ordering the wife of the B.G.O.C., Australian Imperial Forces, to cancel her airplane journey to Egypt and

(Concluded on page 194)



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

"I must ask you to clarify your war aims"

Wedding in Chelsea



At the reception Captain Rufus Clarke smoked a cigarette with Lady Tryon. She looked most attractive in a short sable coat and upturned hat. Her father is Sir Merrik Burrell, and her husband succeeded his father in 1940



Colonel Stevenson Clarke gave his niece away on her marriage to Captain Miller Mundy. He is chatting to another uncle of the bride, Brig-Gen. Goland Clarke, at the wedding reception, which was held at Wilton Crescent



Miss Pamela Newall, stepdaughter of Lord Claud Hamilton, was snapped with Major Kennard and Major Robert Redhead. The latter is probably the youngest Major in the Army, and at one time captained the Oxford ski-ing team

Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy drinks a health, accompanied by Sir Rhys Llewellyn and Lady Irene Haig. Sir Rhys succeeded to the baronetcy from his father in December. Lady Irene Haig is the youngest of Earl Haig's three sisters



Captain Miller Mundy and Miss Peggy Clarke

Capt. Peter Miller Mundy, M.C., 27th Lancers, son of Major G. Miller Mundy, of Red Rice, Andover, Hants., and Mrs. Miller Mundy, and Miss Peggy Clarke, daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. A. L. Clarke, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Photographs by Swaebe

Mrs. H. Tighe with her brother, Mr. Alastair Stewart, were also among the guests at the reception after the marriage of Captain Miller Mundy and Miss Peggy Clarke

Recently married Mrs. William Stirling, formerly Susan Bligh, waited with her sister-in-law, Miss Irene Stirling, and Miss June Capel to see the bride and bridegroom go away



Standing By ...

(Continued)

return home, the Australian Cabinet demonstrates a courage of which Napoleon was incapable. There is a wonderful account of Soult's army leaving Madrid in 1812, with an enormous baggage-train packed with the rich loot of Spanish churches, museums and castles. "Mesdames les Maréchaux," the two mistresses of Marshal Soult and Marshal Victor, accompanied the Army in a splendid travelling coach, and behind every senior officer pranced his sweetie-pie on horseback, escorted by a trooper. No wives were on parade, as it happened. The Marshals' wives preferred to peacock round Paris in their new magnificence, having more sense than the Marshals' mopsies. It is clear that Napoleon, that monster of efficiency, dared not interfere with the Army's sentimental arrangements. Maybe Josephine had broken him thoroughly in years before, a chap once told us in Ealing.

THERE have been wars, like the seventeenth-century Franco-Spanish campaigns in the Low Countries, in which a Roxane could conceivably travel in a coach through the Spanish lines to meet her lover in the French redoubts, sped on her way by courtly hidalgos with low-swept hats murmuring "Passez, Señorita"; but even then we doubt if everybody liked it.

The great flaw in that scene in *Cyrano de Bergerac* is that amid Roxane's tumultuous welcome by the Cadets of Gascony there is no crusty old sour-puss twirling his mustachios and asking what the hell.

Fey

A PART from making up to a large extent for the sugar shortage, the present revival of *Dear Brutus* has a personal, intimate meaning for us (if it doesn't bore you).

While it was still knocking the Race bow-legged in that post-war revival we took a flat in the Adelphi, within a fairy's snort of Barrie, who lived high up on the Robert Street corner overlooking the river and could blow elfin kisses to Thames barges all day long. His neighbours in the Adelphi, except Mr. Shaw, were pretty fey by then. *Dear Brutus* made them slouch round like Gerald du Maurier, hollow-eyed, holding dream-children by the hand and lamenting their wasted lives, barring Mr. Shaw. (And also, now we think of it, barring the Police Club on the Adam Street corner, full of red cheerful stolid eupeptic non-Barriesque cops, each with a mother, devoid of even a single tiny ache in the heart, and devoted to sausage-and-mash.) We soon got into this habit.

Sequel

ALL this time Barrie was hatching *Mary Rose* up in that oak-beamed eyrie of his. Its effect on the Adelphi population, excluding Mr. Shaw, was electrical. Wiping the noses of their dream-children and dismissing them with a hasty boff on the noggin, they stole mournfully about looking under their hands for fairy islands and babbling of mystic rowan-trees.

As for us, we hadn't the heart to abandon our dream-child, a stocky, vivid, rather hectoring personality who looked to us remarkably like James ("Boss") Agate, and we trail him along with us to this day.

This will explain that wistful other-worldly note you get in this page; that rogue's feyness; that atmosphere of warm,

furry, motherless tittlebats. It's no use your complaining. The fault, dear Brutus, is in yourselves.

THE Yahoos have destroyed the Adelphi and the Barrie influence has vanished. Everybody stuck it nearly to the end except the distinguished portraitist James Gunn, who ere long found his colour-tubes oozing golden syrup and moved forthwith to Kensington.

Rap

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, scourge of rich women—how long it seems since he quelled the last Mayfair chatterbox in Covent Garden—told the citizens of St. Louis (Missouri) recently that swing and jazz are "the most degraded manifestation of human aberration."

For once the heavenly fiddles of Mozart sang high and clear above the Voodoo noises, though we doubt if their message caused the St. Louis populace to rush out instantly and drive every jazz-band in

horror from their midst. Civilised music needs civilised ears.

THE most diverting comment possible on the Beecham pronouncement was the meeting, some days later, according to a gossip-boy, of London jazz-band leaders to protest against their men being "unceremoniously" called up for the Army, and to fix an age-limit of 28 and over.

"We contend that skilled dance musicians are more valuable to the war-effort in their job," said one of them. To suspect even the glossiest, crinkliest-haired, most expensive jazz-band conductor of irony seems hardly decent (the lads are very earnest); so we conclude he really meant it.

The negroid uproar from the Broadway swamps, the frothing drummers, the epileptic trumpets, the crooners, the whole bag of tricks give Beecham the lie, and Joe Finkelstein and His Boys fight, or at least howl, with us against the powers of darkness. And woddya sayta that?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"And, after the ceremony, Modom has but to cut round the dotted line and she is in her 'Going Away' dress"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"I think there's a Field-Marshal under 'ere, mate, and 'e won't come out"

"Old Bill and Son"

Bruce Bairnsfather's Immortal Makes
His Film Debut, with Morland Graham
as His Creator for the Screen



"You make me sick, never stick to anything, you don't. Look at me—been at this job for twenty years. . . ."
So Old Bill, peacetime taxi-driver, to that dressy young spark, his son. Young Bill is played by John Mills, who is now in the Army himself, and got married a week or two ago



"I've worn skirts for fifty years. Sometimes they were long, and sometimes they were short, but they never once made me look like a balloon. . . ." Maggie Busby (Mary Clare) tirades against uniforms for women, evacuation, and any other war subject she can think of, while her disconsolate husband finds his old uniform doesn't fit him as it used to



The old soldier tries to get back in the Army: "William Busby, sir, C. of E., vaccinated three times, once on the arm and twice in Mesopotamia." But it's no good: the Army doesn't want dug-outs. But before long Old Bill finds his way into the uniform of the Pioneer Corps



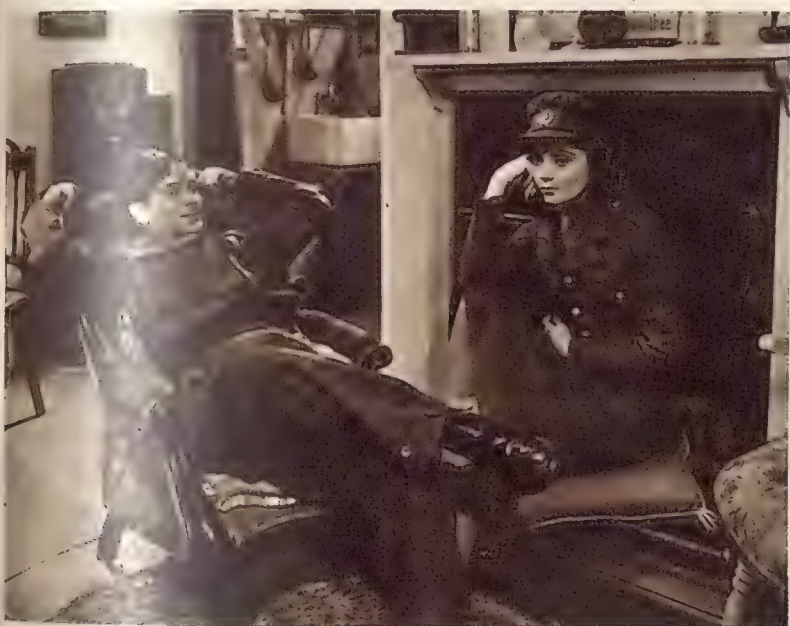
The new soldier gets to France and soon into trouble. For punishment he's made to cook. Young Bill is a soldier, too, and also in trouble. He and his buddy, Chimp (Manning Whiley), turned on to road-mending fatigue, come scrounging round to Old Bill's kitchen for a drop of something hot

The 1938 crisis brought Old Bill back into the "Bystander," and the war made him the obvious hero of a film. Hollywood wanted him badly, but Captain Bruce Bairnsfather had no intention of letting his creation stray overseas. So it was decided to put him on the screen at Denham. By the end of 1939 a unit was working, with the co-operation of the B.E.F., in France, arriving home with 12,000 ft. of film in January. Then Morland Graham was chosen as Old Bill—the twenty-fourth actor to play the part, and according to Bairnsfather the best of them. In the picture he joins the Pioneer Corps, goes to France, gets into endless trouble, nearly turns into a hero, and then finds the Germans he thinks he has captured are already the prisoners of his own son. The film is a double collaboration between Captain Bairnsfather and the director, Ian Dalrymple: they wrote the story together, and Ian Dalrymple called in Bairnsfather constantly for consultation. "Old Bill and Son" will be shown at the New Gallery from next Friday



Broadcasting from a Bren-gun carrier is a new role for the old soldier. His remarks are not quite what the smart young commentator from the B.B.C. (Nicholas Phipps) cares to be responsible for

Rehearsing for a concert, Old Bill tries out his song, "Please Leave My Butter Alone," on an old pal, Gustave (Percy Walsh), who now has an estaminet and a pretty daughter (whom see below)



Scrape follows scrape in Old Bill's Army career. A peaceful night on the Colonel's feather bed comes to a sad end when the Colonel (Roland Culver) unexpectedly returns to his billet

Girl friends of Young Bill are Sally (René Ray) and Françoise (Janine Darcy; below). Sally is his real sweetheart, but while he's in France he can't resist a flirtation with the estaminet proprietor's pretty daughter, although she has a fiancé of her own in the French Army. But Sally joins the A.T.S. and comes to France too, and the little tangle soon straightens out



Success as a stage manager—Old Bill arranges an impromptu concert for singer Stella Malloy (Renée Houston) when she arrives too late for the official affair. Gustave gets his top-hat out in her honour



Snow in Wiltshire

The Countess of Suffolk
With Her Children at
Charlton Kings



A Wintry Spell

The Countess of Suffolk feeds the goats and a pet lamb; poses with her eldest son, Viscount Andover, and has a snowball match with him and his younger brother, the Hon. Maurice Howard. They are living at their lovely Wiltshire home near Malmesbury. The four goats belong to the boys, also the pet lamb, now no longer a lamb but a fine, fat sheep, which was bought at a Malmesbury Carnival

(Below) Charlton Kings

The Wiltshire home of the Earl and Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire is a fine eighteenth-century house, designed by the famous architect, Robert Adam, whose visit to Italy at an early age strongly influenced his style. Charlton Kings is noted for its collection of Old Masters and Flemish tapestries. Lady Suffolk runs the estate of more than 10,000 acres, now that her husband is engaged on important war work



Brother
The Earl of Suffolk's son
Robert Howard, Viscount
By his side, holding a
younger brother, the Hon.
is four. They have



Pensive Mood

Michael John James George
will be six years old in March.
of British bulldog, sits his
brother David Henry Howard, who
brother, born last August



The Countess of Suffolk With Her Three Sons

This charming family group, against a background of one of the famous Flemish tapestries, shows Lady Suffolk holding her five-months-old son on her knee, while his brothers stand on either side. The baby is wearing his christening robes, used by many generations of the Suffolk family. He was given the names of Patrick Greville by the Bishop of Malmesbury at his christening in Malmesbury Abbey just before Christmas. Lady Suffolk was known on the stage as Mimi Crawford before her marriage in 1934. Her mother, Mrs. Forde-Pigott, is now staying with her and helps at the knitting parties for the Navy which are held at Charlton Kings. Lady Suffolk has many interests in the country, including forestry, and experiments with a varied assortment of trees. Lord Suffolk, the twentieth Earl, has had an interesting and adventurous career. He has twice sailed round the world before the war; at one time had a ranch in Australia, and has served in the Scots Guards. He is a scientist and has done useful work during the present war both in France and at home, and is now working in connection with the disposal of unexploded bombs

Photographs by Swaebe

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Plunge Into the Past

FOR the last two weeks I have been suffering from that unglamorous complaint known as jaundice. Also I have been suffering from it in an hotel. But, in case you may pity me under these circumstances, let me add that I have often found comparative strangers much nicer to one when one is ill or in trouble than people whom one considers one's friends. I have never discovered the reason for this, but there it is! Anyway, the management renounced their best sitting-room, gave me a good fire and left me alone. And, personally, I can ask for nothing better than that when I am unwell. I hate the bright bedside gossip.

Still, there were moments when time hung rather heavily, and it was during one of these periods that I began to explore the bookcases. From the appearance of the books themselves I judged them to be the usual dreary assortment of novels, mostly left behind by former guests whose literary discards are invariably deplorable. But on the lower shelf I discovered a number of bound copies of *The Graphic*, dating a year or two before I was born.

Well, I thought they might be amusing, but I never believed they could be as amusing, or as interesting, as they turned out to be. It was as if suddenly I had stepped right back into the past, and the past was actually a very present present. I became enthralled. For here, for instance, was a full account of the last illness and death and funeral of Lord Beaconsfield; of the assassination of a Tsar; of the Tay

Bridge disaster and Queen Victoria seeing her first theatrical entertainment since the death of Prince Consort. Lord Lorne was going round the world, apparently accompanied by "our sketch artist," and Britain seemed to be perpetually in the midst of little wars; annexing strange people with strange customs and strange appearance—all of which were described or drawn by the artist rather as if he were unfolding from under a conjurer's handkerchief yet another marvellous rabbit which "Our Dear and Revered Queen" had just presented to "Her Beloved Subjects."

Entertainment in the 'Seventies

BUT I am not particularly interested in wars. I have just about had enough of them. So I thought I would turn to the weekly paragraphs which told of London's entertainments. Here, again, I was enthralled.

I felt exactly like a posthumous ghost—if you can imagine such a shade!—reading, for instance, all about the first production of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, of *Patience*, of the colossal success achieved by the first London performance of *Carmen*; of Mr. H. Irving and Miss E. Terry appearing with Mr. Edwin Booth in *Othello*; and how the double prices raised a storm of protest.

And, again, of how Patti sang in various rôles at Covent Garden, and how Christine Nilssen ran her close in popularity. And how Minnie Hauk made *Carmen* as much her rôle as Calvé did in a later day. And of how *Parsifal* was beginning to be cast

for the first time at Bayreuth; and how even Patti's name was mentioned as a possible Kundry! And of how Rubinstein played the piano, and how the musical critic reacted to the first hearing of "The Lost Chord."

And how the Gaiety Theatre employed the hardest-worked company in London—what with Miss E. Farren (when did she become "Nelly"?), Mr. Ed. Terry, Miss Kate Vaughan, and dancing Connie Gilchrist appearing in burlesques which seemed to go on for ever. And how Beerbohm Tree seemed to make occasional success in minor humorous parts, A. W. Pinero was almost a star, and how Augustus Harris was a juvenile lead.

London theatres, in those far-off days, seemed to offer unlimited attraction, with, among other things, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and their famous company at the Haymarket, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their equally famous company at the St. James's; together with such passing excitements as Mrs. Langtry appearing for the first time as a professional on the stage, and Shakespeare always being performed at some theatre or other.

And what with the Prince and Princess of Wales appearing everywhere, and Mr. Bradlaugh being thrown out of the House of Commons, and the Albert Hall being built and Queen Victoria being made an Empress, it was all as thrilling as reading a volume of social, musical, theatrical and political history as England was writing it at the time.

The Advertisements

I WAS going to skip the advertisements, until my eye suddenly caught sight of my own name—"Richard King, Esquire." Good heavens! I thought, was I at it then? However, my namesake was only writing a booklet on flatulence and acidity of the stomach, and you could be cured of these complaints by sending tuppence to his address. Perhaps "Richard King, Esquire" also had jaundice.

(Concluded on page 202)



"South of the Border"

Moyra Guthrie, of Guthrie, and Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, were two of the performers at a concert given by the children of some of the big houses of Angus in aid of war-wounded. Dressed Spanish fashion, these two sang "South of the Border" together. Lord Ogilvy, aged fifteen, is at Eton. His two younger brothers also performed



The Final Chorus: a Children's Concert Party in Angus

Senior and junior members of the party lined up for the final chorus. The children in front include the Hon. James Ogilvy, Carey Coke, Rowena Combe, Robin Combe, Anne Coke, and among the others are Lady Grizel Ogilvy, Lord Ogilvy, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, the Hon. Anne Bowes-Lyon, niece of the Queen, Moyra and Christian Guthrie, of Guthrie Castle, Christian and Lavina Carnegie, of Lour House, June and Juliet Hainault, May Bailie, May Cameron



Actress At Home

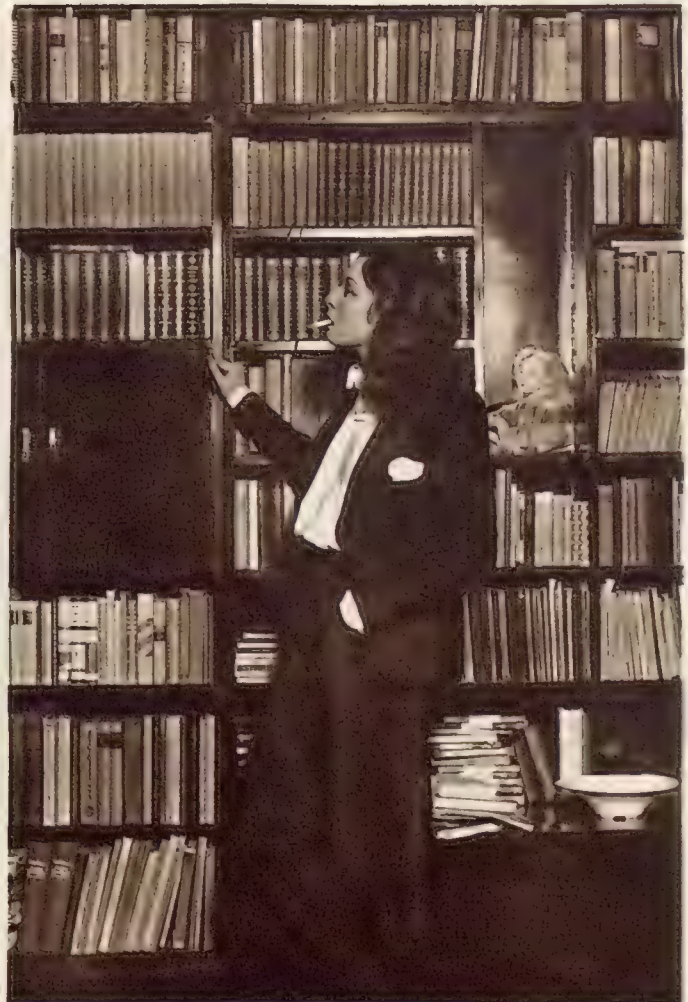
Wanda Rotha with Her Books and Her Knitting

Wanda Rotha is the Viennese actress who came to England in 1937 to continue a career that began with Pirandello at the Deutsches Volk Theatre in Vienna in 1926, and included Shakespeare, Shaw and Strindberg at most big theatres in Germany and Czechoslovakia. Here her biggest success was in the name-part of *Elisabeth of Austria*. At present she is working on a spy play written for her by Merton Hodge, called *Unter den Linden*. Since she made her home in London—she lives in St. John's Wood—she has become, rather surprisingly, a Soccer fan. But nowadays all her spare time is given to making and collecting woollen comforts for the Pioneer Corps, in which are serving so many men of the countries in which she has acted. And she badly wants knitters to help her

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Like most actresses, she goes out a lot with other stage people. Here her companion is Herbert Marshall, who produced "Thunder Rock" last year



In her library is a fine collection of autographed first editions of contemporary English novelists, besides Shakespeare (in English and German), Shaw, Strindberg, Ibsen, Heine, Goethe, and so on

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

On the whole, however, the advertisements were a little depressing. When I picture the gay windows of modern Peter Robinson and Jay, it amused me to read how relentlessly in the 'seventies both famous houses seemed to cater relentlessly for woe. The former invariably had "The House of Mourning" in brackets beneath its name; while the latter, not to be outdone, was known as "The Mourning House." Woe seemed to be terribly important in those days, and one dressed up for the occasion. But why, I wondered, could a widow obtain a dress, beautifully fitted and trimmed with "the best English crêpe," for £3 15s. 6d., when a mere relative had to pay four guineas? Of course, the mere relative could get away with the dress only, while the widow had apparently to purchase a bonnet and a cap, a paletot and a crêpe muff, before she was actually presentable.

And here is a bit of domestic advice which women may, or may not, still need: "Nothing looks more deplorable on a gloomy winter's morning than to see the female members of a family assembled round the early-morning breakfast-table in faded, shabby dresses of a thin texture, over which are worn shawls and wraps, a sorry impression for the husband and brothers to take away with them to their offices!" So here was an 1870 suggestion for mother giving father a last lovely glimpse. She was advised to wear: "Dark-grey or striped flannel or serge, Louis XV. shape, with a wide plastron of dark blue, or myrtle green, or claret-colour plush or velvetene, deep collar and cuffs to match. Underneath this should be worn a black alpaca, quilted all over, and buttoned from the throat to the hem; when extra warmth is required (!), a quilted and wadded cape may also be worn."

Well, if father and sons didn't rush home from their offices after having that seeing them off at the front door, it can only have meant that they must have called in at the Aquarium, where nightly a young lady in tights was being shot out of a cannon!

Jules Verne

AND if you think that all this has little to do with my main book choice of this week, which is Mr. Kenneth Allott's unconventional and most interesting biography of *Jules Verne* (The Cresset Press; 15s.), let me add that it has a very great deal to do with it, because the fascination of this—the first English biography of a novelist who, for fifty years, wrote best-sellers—is that it weaves Verne's life-story into a social history of the period. So that, almost more interesting than the biography itself, is the historical pattern against which it is thrown into a proper psychological perspective.

Actually, the life of Jules Verne was not a particularly exciting one, except, of course, for those flights of quasi-scientific imagination which made his name famous all over the world. The most adventurous episode was, perhaps, when, as a boy, he bribed another boy to let him take his place on a sailing vessel bound for the Indies. But the ship had hardly set sail when the captain became suspicious, and so, at the first port of call,

Pierre Verne, his father, brought him straight home.

After this, he studied for the law. But his heart was never in his work, and gradually he drifted into literature and a kind of *vie-de-Bohème* existence in Paris. It was an uphill struggle, however, and when he married a widow with two children—it was a marriage of physical convenience, rather than of love, perhaps—he was definitely a poor scribbler. Nevertheless, success was not long in coming, and when it came it remained to stay.

On the average, Verne wrote two books each year, and all had a great, or greater, success. They appealed to the world mood of the moment. And the moment was when science and scientific discoveries were beginning to enthrall mankind, whose ancient beliefs and prejudices were consequently undermined, and a restless imagination was everywhere seeking new wonders in the hope, apparently, that in science would be revealed the meaning of existence.

It was a period of startling changes—startling in a manner which to-day we shall never recapture. Electricity, steam-power, tentative attempts to conquer the air, telephones, gramophones in their primitive stages of development, everything which is nowadays taken for granted, were then in their infancy, and the reaction to these discoveries was one of mental wonder and awe. Science was everywhere opening up a new world, and the old attitudes of thought and behaviour were changing year by year, and changing violently.

Consequently, the marvellous stories by Jules Verne appeared in their ideal epoch. They reflected the amazement of the time, while carrying it, in imagination, far ahead of discovery. Nevertheless, the foundations were actual enough; his genius lay in the

fact that they built upon those foundations to attain dizzy heights of speculation. Rarely, therefore, have I read a more exciting biography—which is as much historical background as the study of a writer's life and work.

Thoughts from "Jules Verne"

"A book without some contemporary significance is a dead book."

"The inconceivable may be true if—and here is the crux—an agreement is found to exist between what may be expected to happen and the actual results of experiment."

"Success either comes too late, or in such a way as to confound the recipient."

"Many nineteenth-century 'rationalists' seem to have spent their literary lives attacking a creator in whom they did not believe for the creation which therefore was not his."

"For most people the inner light only counsels self-interest in such a world as we live in."

Flanders Battle

PERHAPS the most vivid, moving, horrible, yet glorious book I have so far read of the fighting in France which led eventually to the epic of Dunkirk is *Return via Dunkirk* (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.), by an officer of Artillery who—not very humorously, it seemed to me—hides his identity under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Gun-Buster."

The story itself is a running narrative of a Territorial unit from the time they landed in France to the miracle—for it seemed to have been little less!—of their evacuation from the beaches of Dunkirk. Of this unit the author was second-in-command. And once the 25-pounders get into action the story is more and more thrilling, more and more heartrending. In it we see at last what the Battle of Flanders meant to the men in the field; especially the Gunners. How, almost before they were prepared for action to cover their retreat, the German tanks were upon them in mass formation. Nevertheless, in the midst of the confusion, the British Army still kept its morale, its head held high. Until, as by a miracle, they reached the coast, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy at almost every step.

There are many unforgettable passages in the book, which is written with remarkable restraint. Among them the moonlit horror of a former position near Vimy, at which again the remnant of part of the British Army hoped to make a stand—only to find the gunpits full of the bodies of refugees who had been bombed and machine-gunned by the Germans as they sheltered there in its shadow.

Why is it, when the unimaginable crimes of the German soldiery in every war cry to Heaven for vengeance, there are still people who would hold out to them the hand of friendly understanding—once the war has been won? Perhaps, if they read this vivid, moving story of what the life of the British soldier was like in Flanders, and the horrors he saw there, they may change their mind. In any case, if they do not read it, they will miss one of the best books of the war which has, so far, been written and published.



A Canteen for Chelsea

Lady Iris Capell, of the W.V.S., handed over to Lady Clare Hartnell, Mayor of Chelsea, the mobile canteen presented to the W.V.S. by Mr. P. G. Pattinson, managing director of the House of Bourjois. This was a token of gratitude from Bourjois (who recently celebrated their centenary) for the work of the W.V.S. when their factory was bombed. Mrs. P. G. Pattinson is the fourth member of the group here

Women in the News

At Home and Across the Atlantic



In Suffolk

Mrs. Fellowes, wife of Major C. D. Fellowes, and a V.A.D. Assistant Commandant at a Red Cross Hospital in Suffolk, has resigned her post. She was severely criticised for using lipstick while on duty by Brig.-Gen. Sir Archibald Home, Director of the Suffolk County Red Cross. Mrs. Fellowes has decided to take up other voluntary war work.



In New York

Lady Elizabeth Hofmannsthal, a member of the Grab and Bag Committee, searches for her prize at the Star-Spangled Ball held at the Astor Hotel, New York City. The purpose of the William Allen White Committee, who organised this ball, is to defend America by aiding the Allies. Lady Elizabeth is the second daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey and was married in 1939. She acted as trainbearer to the Queen at the Coronation.



Fashion Ambassadors from Britain for South America

Miss Suzanne Hood, a first cousin of Viscount Hood, who works at the Ministry of Information with Mr. Duff Cooper, is among the eighteen girls chosen as mannequins for the tour to South America of Fashions Collections, organised by the Department of Overseas Trade. The object is to sell British goods to obtain foreign currency.

Miss Rosemary Chance will also go to South America with the London Fashions Collections, which will be shown simultaneously at Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro on St. George's Day, April 23. Miss Chance is a niece of Lord Willingdon, himself completing an important trade mission to the South American countries. In peacetime mannequins can earn from 15 to 20 guineas a week, but on this trip they will only receive £3 a week and the Government will pay their hotel and travelling expenses.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Good Old Foxhunting Precept

NEVER jump into any field unless you are sure that you can jump out of it. There is, of course, always the ignominious alternative of going back by the way by which you have come; but this again is not always so easy, for some fences, reasonable enough from the take-off side, are quite impossible if ridden at in reverse. Anyway, it creates a feeling of frustration, for the cry should be "Avanti!" There is another thing: never get it into your head that it is all as easy as falling off a log. It is not, even on the best horse that ever looked through a bridle. On a bad horse you are certain to be floored sooner rather than later, unless the line is one studded with little cock fences which any persevering donkey could jump. Another good rule, also recently broken by a very inferior "coachman," is not to mistake the real thing for that cocktail imposture, the steeplechase brook. The "coachman" made this mistake about the Suez Canal. The actual brook at which he has taken an Imperial crown is a big 'un, a bumper and up to the brim. Only a first-class tradesman could have got the other side ridden the way this steed has been ridden.

The Desert's Dusty Face

MAJOR-GENERAL R. J. COLLINS omitted to mention one thing in his most interesting broadcast on sandstorms vis-à-vis this fighting in Libya—the smell. It is not pleasant and adds quite a bit to the other disadvantages. Everyone who has had a dose of this dust will remember

it. I cannot exactly define it, but it used to make me think of dead things, particularly of a thing like a too-dead buzzard. There is another somewhat peculiar fact about these icy-cold typhoons, that places which are not within hundreds of miles of any desert get them. Calcutta, for instance, is a very long way (1000 miles) from the Sind Desert! I recall that some of the scientific paladins who analysed the dust that smote us said that it was not from Sind, but from somewhere much farther west, which might have meant Arabia, Libya, or even the Southern Sahara. I never heard the Gobi Desert mentioned, but I do not see why it should be ruled out if the others were possibles. These dust-storms in old Calcutta were called nor'westers and always happened when the heat had reached a pinnacle and was more than usually like the warmest corner in Sheol. They were invariably followed by hail or heavy rain. After they went it was usually worse than ever.

Their Little Hour or Two

IN that interesting little brochure, "Why Britain is at War," Mr. Harold Nicolson arrived at the conclusion that a future Arcady can only be achieved by the formation of a United States of Europe, all the members of which should pledge themselves to fall upon any recalcitrant tooth and claw. Is this not our well-meaning old friend the League of Nations dressed up in another suit of somewhat threadbare clothes? Wherein lies the difference? Does not past history tell us that every



Tennis: Alice Marble Goes on Tour

Eleanor Tennant, coach and friend, helped Alice Marble pack for the fifty-city tour being made by a party of U.S.A. tennis professionals, including Donald Budge. Miss Marble may expect 50,000 dollars from the tour. After that she's going to sing and lecture for her living.

predecessor of the present Pinchbeck—and all of them were abler men than he is—has had his bubble pricked without any aid from any League? Napoleon is the only exception, for the ravaged western world did coalesce against him. Most of them, however, like snow upon the desert's face, lighted their little hour or two and then disappeared.

A List of Führers

LOOK at some of them! Xerxes the Persian, whose eyes were far bigger than his stomach, was murdered in 465 B.C.



Lieut. Stephen Vernon and Lady Ursula Vernon went to Plumpton for the first race meeting to be held in the South for a long time. They were married in October. Lady Ursula Vernon is the Duke of Westminster's daughter



Mrs. Fulke Watcyn, here with her father, Major Carlos Clark, saw Achill Beg win the Budham Novices' Steeplechase. Achill Beg is trained for the Hon. J. J. Astor at her husband's stables at Lambourn, was ridden by H. Nicholson



Captain and Mrs. A. H. Osborne were in the paddock before the big steeplechase of the day, won by Dominick's Cross. Mrs. Osborne, who was Primrose Salt, wore a gay check mackintosh against the drizzling rain and mist

Racing in Sussex: a Steeplechase Meeting at Plumpton



Rugger: the Universities Past and Present Draw at Richmond

C. R. Hopwood, a former Richmond captain, and Adrian Stoop, the great England, Oxford and Harlequin stand-off half, watched Oxford Past and Present and Cambridge Past and Present draw an exciting game at Richmond with a try each



Sec.-Lt. Wilfred Wooller, the Welsh International, and J. Parsons played respectively centre and scrum-half for Cambridge, and Wooller scored the try for his side which made the game a draw in the second half. S. Ldr. C. H. Gadney acted as referee

after the complete collapse of his enterprise, the main part of which involved the destruction of Greece and all for which she stood. He invaded that country, incidentally, by a bridge of boats. Xerxes is a useful parallel! Alexander (356-323 B.C.) died of the same disease as Lucifer, spleen brought on by an overweening ambition. He was only thirty-three, and no United States took any part in the readjustment after he went out of business.

Then Attila—he was never heard of again after he was stopped at Chalons-sur-Marne in 451 A.D.; he died in 453 of hæmorrhage on his wedding-day. I often wonder who and not what did him in! Genghiz Khan (1162-1227) lasted a bit longer, and was sixty-five when he handed in his checks after a good run for his money, but things all settled down after him, and so they did after that other destroyer, Tamerlane (Timur-i-Leng, whence "Timur the Tartar"). And Napoleon died of cancer—not of St. Helena and pique. He was only fifty-two. The ex-Kaiser is still alive, but only just a memory. In a few years' time, what of these other two?

What to Do with Them

MANY suggestions were put forward during the last scrap, by, amongst others, Mr. Lloyd George, for the disposal of the disturbers. "L.G." favoured hanging. Not one of the suggestions was adopted. Now again the air is full of them. One of the few people who could help, the present Minister of Health, has not yet come forward. It is certain that he must have one up his sleeve. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald once met a cannibal chief in Fiji, who told him that, although he *much* preferred the home-killed article, he had once prevailed upon himself to eat imported stuff. It was a white missionary who, the chief said, was far too salt.

A survivor of Dr. Otto Schultz's expedition up the Amazon, a certain Dr. Hermann Huth, related that he fainted when he saw the Jibaro cannibals eating his fellow voyageurs—all Germans. Perhaps

there is here the germ of an idea, as the Jibaros apparently are not so pernickety as the Fiji chieftain. And if none of these incidents suggests a way out, there are still some gentlemen in New Guinea who have a most refined way of correcting any meat shortage.

In every leading township there is a building they call the Nobo House. Over the door is an inscription, something like "Welcome, Stranger! Come In! We Are Here To Serve You!" When the visitor

opens the door he releases a booby-trap, a heavy stone mallet, which hits him a dunt on the nob, or head.

Is this idea a workable one?

The Milky Way

THE following excerpts from letters received by the Milk Control Board from some of the Mothers of England have been very kindly placed at my disposal, with the suggestion that they are deserving of immortality. That is an opinion with which I am in complete accord, for it is obvious that each and every one of them is a little star. Here they are:

(1) Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother.

(2) Please send me a form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices.

(3) I posted the form by mistake before my child was filled in properly.

(4) I have a baby eighteen months old—thank you for the same.

(5) Will you please send me a form for cheap milk. I have a baby two months old and did not know anything about it till a friend told me.

(6) I had intended coming to the Milk Office to-day, but had fifteen children this morning.

(7) I have a child nearly two years old and looking forward to an increase in November. Hoping this will suit your kind approval.

(8) I have a baby two years old fed entirely on cows, and another four months old.

(9) Will I be able to have milk for baby as my husband finishes his job as night-watchman on Thursday?

(10) Sorry I have been so long filling in my form, but I have been in bed for two weeks with my baby and did not know it was running out till the milkman told me.

And Another

HERE is another quite genuine request, but it is not about milk. A wayside station master in Bengal, in the era of Kim, Mowgli and others, wired to his sub-station superior: "Sir, tiger is eating all native peoples as per margin kindly send gun wire instructions."



Rowing: Boat Race Practice at Oxford

Three possibles for the 1941 Oxford crew, the Hon. Derek Mond, John Brocklebank, and David Wedderburn, listened to words of wisdom from Anthony Gell, secretary of the O.U.B.C., before going out for an early practice for the second wartime boat race. Derek Mond is Lord Melchett's elder son

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Sprouting Ruins

AMONG the ruins that Göring knocked about a bit there are now arising *Epilobium angustifolium*, *Senecio viscosus*, *Matricaria inodora*, *Trifolium repens*, and—for all I know—just plain moss. Even the rotting A.R.P. sandbags have bloomed with *Peziza repanda*, which, I gather, is a beechwood fungus. So the bomb succeeds where the packet of seeds sometimes fails, and our ruins are becoming fetchingly full of flora.

An attractive prospect is held out by this development. What has gone with the blast is replaced by what comes with the wind, for the seeds of the weed *Epilobium angustifolium* are air-borne to their bomb-crater homes even as are the bombs themselves.

Why not give the wind a helping hand and plant a few things wherever craters and ruins have taken the place of buildings, and bombs have turned over the earth and made all ready? For the trouble with London is that it is black and boring instead of being green and gay. It is over-built-over and under-aired. A few trees and bits of grass and moss scattered about here and there would turn a dirty maze of mean streets into something less depressing.

I shall, of course, be taken out and crucified for saying it, but I personally would rather have a tree—any tree—than a Wren church, a few flowers than all the architecture in England, and any weed you care to name than a battalion of London statues. Perhaps the *Luftwaffe* will cause us to see the light. By making us enclose our statues within sandbag structures, it is covering them with a graceful awning of green. Let us hope that, after the war, we shall have the sense not to disturb those mounds or expose again the effigies they kindly conceal.

Let us offer thanks to *Epilobium angustifolium*, the supreme bomb-crater disposal unit.

More Haw-Haw Jaw

ONCE again Lord Haw-Haw has been talking about my notes. But this time, according to a friend who heard his remarks, he spoke less of what I had said and more about me. It seems that he offered me, over the radio, the advice to go and see a doctor, on the grounds that I was wrong in the head.

On previous occasions he has contented himself with selective quotations from my writings, in the manner of the shabbier kind of publisher when dealing with adverse reviews. When I said, for instance, "the *Luftwaffe* is grossly inefficient, while the Royal Air Force is supremely efficient," he would quote me as follows: "The *Luftwaffe*," says Major Stewart, "is . . . supremely efficient," thus admitting the German contention . . .", and so on.

The method has been known and practised by low-grade tricksters for centuries, and it is a method which the Germans must be expected to use. But now Lord Haw-Haw has abandoned this kind of wangled statement and turned to ordinary personal abuse. It is positively a step up, an improvement in moral tone, a raising of educational level.

Haw-Haw's abuse of me is not, perhaps, ingenious, or entertaining, or novel, or arresting, or bright, or humorous, or even effective or interesting. But it is less despicable than his earlier method of misquotation. Let me, therefore, take the opportunity—since he reads all my stuff so carefully—of complimenting him on a positive improvement.

Air Ministry News

A SLIGHTLY sour comment was made about the Air Ministry news service in one of the weekly reviews recently. In the past I have been as vigorous a critic of this



To be Married

Miss Marjorie Hope Chancellor and Flt. Lieut. Hugh H. A. Ironside, R.A.F., will be married on Saturday. He is the son of the late E. A. Ironside, and Mrs. Ironside, of Fairford, Glos., and a relative of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, has been personal assistant to Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, was wounded in a fighter action last year. His fiancée, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chancellor, of Hill House, Wincanton, has been working at the War Office

service as anybody, and I think it still makes the mistake of being too verbose and too high-flown. Official communiqués ought not to try and imitate newspaper stories. They ought to be laconic, restrained.

But I will not go so far as to make any general adverse criticism of the department that deals with these matters. On the contrary, I think it has done a difficult job as well as it was able to do it under the limitations imposed by Service conditions and by the organisation of the department.

Tornado

YOU say "tomayto" and I say "tomarto." But do you say "tornaydo" or "tornado"? It's important, because we shall all be talking about this new aeroplane and about its new Rolls-Royce "Vulture" engine in the near future.

Just before I was to broadcast about this machine I asked several people in the Air Force and out of it how they pronounced it. The opinion was in favour of tornaydo. Yet after that some big authorities have weighed in with tornado.

The *Oxford Dictionary*—if I understand the frightful hieroglyphs with which it indicates pronunciation—says tornaydo, casting cold water on the derivation from the Spanish *tronada* by saying that it is perhaps originally a "blundered" spelling of it.

Anyhow, there is one way it will never be pronounced, and that is *tournedos*! Personally, I suspend judgment. When I was young I learnt it as tornaydo, but usage today seems rather to suggest the other form. We await the B.B.C. decision with breathless interest.

Output

A FINAL and favourable footnote: output of aircraft in this country is better than anyone knowing the position could have hoped eight months ago. The Ministry of Aircraft Production has put production on the M.A.P. It has often made itself unpopular; it has often got into hot water with the big noises of the industry and of the Air Ministry. But the results, the tools which will make victory, are there and that is really all that matters.

That Ministry deserves recognition for its labours, and it also deserves support against all who would lobby against it, because they think their own petty interests are threatened.



A Group of Air Force Officers at an R.A.F. Station

Standing: P./O. C. J. Boxall, P./O. A. G. Blagden, P./O. Wroblewski, F./O. C. A. Potter, P./O. D. J. D'Alton, F./O. A. G. Duguid, F./O. E. J. D. Davidge, F./O. R. W. Barton, P./O. W. S. Thimblethorpe. Sitting: F./O. R. N. Abbitts, Flt. Lt. L. F. Henstock, Sq. Ldr. J. Goodhart (O.C. Development), W./Cdr. P. Haynes (Chief Instructor), W./Cdr. I. E. Brodie (Officer Commanding), S./Ldr. S. H. Potter (O.C. Flying), F./O. W. G. Pearson (Adjutant), Flt. Lt. C. Cakebread, F./O. R. Bibby

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 24



Piping the Captain Aloft: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Is it conceivable that there may be difficulty in finding senior officers with sufficient air experience to command all the new aircraft-carriers which are shortly coming into commission? If this should prove to be the case, it is suggested that an Autogyro should be supplied to each aircraft-carrier to be used on suitable occasions to accustom the senior officers to excursions into the air. In the picture the Captain is seen being given a lift up from the flying-deck by his "secretary," the Paymaster Commander (in the foreground) and by a naval lieutenant and a Sub-Lieutenant (A), R.N.V.R. (on left), and encouraged by the ship's company. The Captain of Marines stands by in readiness with his butterfly-net in case the Captain should let go. At the same time, as naval etiquette must be observed, the three chief petty officers are solemnly piping the Captain aloft, in the same way that he is always piped aboard or on going ashore.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Simmons — Bailey

Flt.-Lieut. Peter Ankers Simmons, R.A.F., and Noreen Helen Rosemary Bailey, youngest daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Bailey, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of R. C. Simmons, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Mrs. R. S. Hayhoe, of Mill Cottage, Ifield, Sussex



Vivyan Poole

Egan — Minch

Sec.-Lieut. Henry Lawrence (Larry) Egan, Eire Army, and Madeline Minch, eldest daughter of Mr. M. P. Minch, of Rockfield House, Athy, Co. Kildare, were married at the University Church, Dublin. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Egan, of Annamore, Tullamore, Offaly, won the Irish Red Cross Steeplechase last year, and is, like the bride's father, an owner of race-horses



Wrottesley — Wingfield-Stratford

Richard Wrottesley, O. and B.L.I., is the son of the Hon. Walter Wrottesley, of Wrottesley Hall, Wolverhampton, and Mrs. Stevens, of the Manor House, Cholderton, Wilts. Rosmaria Wingfield-Stratford is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Esme Wingfield-Stratford, of the Oaks, Berkhamsted. They were married at Berkhamsted



Ormerod — de Pury

Capt. George Wareing Drewrey Ormerod, R.H.A. (H.A.C.), eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. G. M. Ormerod, and Mrs. Ormerod, of 1, Gordon Place, W.8, and Madeleine Gabrielle de Pury, daughter of the late H. E. de Pury, and Mrs. de Pury, of Burton Bradstock, Dorset, were married at St. Andrew's, Letcombe Regis



Kidd — Rashleigh

Lieutenant (E.) Philip Kidd, R.N., son of the late Hugh Kidd, and Mrs. Kidd, of Weybourne Hall, Norfolk, and Mary Vivien Rashleigh, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Henry Rashleigh, of Lawhyre Lodge, Fowey, Cornwall, were married at Finnbarrus Church, Fowey



Leader — Brownson

**The Rev. Robert Leader, C.F., son of the late Robert Leader, and Mrs. Leader, of Sandygate House, Sheffield, and Betty Brownson, daughter of the late Roger D. Brownson, and the Hon. Mrs. Brownson, of the Little House, Bracknell, Berks., and niece of Lord Dynevor, were married at Trinity Church, Bracknell*



The Revolution nobody noticed

The very rapid spread of motoring-for-pleasure which was a feature of the four or five years preceding the war was a result not so much of scientific methods of car production as of a closer and more personal understanding between the manufacturer and his public.

For this change of relationship, of which, perhaps, the public were scarcely aware, the Companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield were largely responsible. It substituted for the old-time car designer, shut off from his market by the walls of his experimental department, the policy of studying motoring in its smallest detail from the personal point of view of the average man who "runs a car."

This policy resulted in making Morris, Wolseley, M.G. and Riley among the most sought after of cars in the pre-war period. And it did more than that.

Spreading throughout the organization for selling and servicing cars, it raised the standard of car transactions to a level to which both parties, the Buyer and the Seller, could look back with satisfaction and a friendly feeling.

That Organization is still at the service of the war-time motorist. Whether for repair work, the supply of spare parts, or the purchase of a reconditioned and thoroughly road-worthy car, its Dealers will still be found to be the product of this enlightened policy — intelligent, friendly and straightforward. And the Nuffield Organization, though its factories are now fully engaged in the production of war material, is planning both to translate a unique war-time technical experience into better motor cars and to continue in even fuller measure, after victory is won, its role as Guardian of British Motoring.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

MORRIS WOLSELEY



Riley

MORRIS-COMMERCIAL

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE village carpenter was out for trade when he called at the week-end cottage of the business man, who was resting after one of the most unfortunate deals of his commercial career.

He wanted the contract for the new dog-kennel which he understood the business man would be needing, and he was careful to explain how he came by his information.

"I did hear tell, zur," he said, "as how one of they clever chaps in Lunnon had sold 'ee a pup."

THE warden called a policeman to view an unexploded bomb. The constable produced his notebook and pencil.

"Now, what's the name of this road?" he asked.

"Nebuchadnezzar Terrace," said the warden.

The policeman put his notebook away, picked up the bomb, and started staggering off with it.

"What on earth are you doing?" exclaimed the warden.

"Moving this thing into the High Street," came the answer.

THE regimental cook was fed up. Leaning against a field-kitchen, he gazed around gloomily and remarked that he wished he were dead. His small but energetic assistant looked at him witheringly.

"That's about right, you lump o' laziness," he retorted. "Just suit you, that would, lying in the bottom of a box, with nothing to do!"

THE farmer had come to the rescue of an airman and helped him to disentangle himself from the mass of cordage and fabric.

"You must be a brave chap to come down in that parachute in a gale like this," he remarked.

The airman pulled the last rope from under his feet.

"That wasn't a parachute I came down in," he said with a snort, "it was the tent I went up in."

THE Scottish express was about to start. The guard had been talking to the engine-driver, when he glanced at his watch, stepped back and gave his "Right away!"

At that moment a passenger rushed up, sprang on to the footboard while the train was in motion, and tried to wrench open a door.

This was too much for the guard. He seized the late-comer by the coat and pulled him off, remarking that he might consider himself lucky, for he, the guard, had probably saved his life.

Just as he had finished his remarks, the guard's van came by, and the official, with that gracefulness acquired by long practice, sailed majestically on to his van. The passenger, seizing the opportunity and the guard at the same time, pulled him off.

"One good turn deserves another," he observed. "You saved my life; now I've saved yours!"

YOUNG JOHNNY was in difficulties during class, and when the master called him out he anticipated trouble, and slipped a book in the seat of his pants.

"Now," said the master sarcastically, as he produced his cane, 'you and I are going to do a little performance together!'

"Yes, sir," said Johnny brightly, "and I've already booked my seat!"

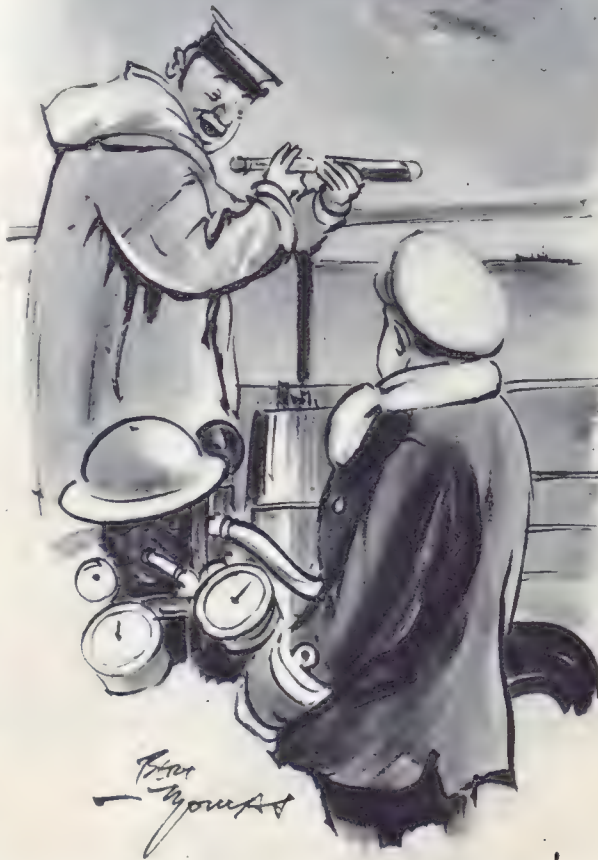
THE business man was interviewing applicants for the post of office-boy. He had a boy in front of him and was asking him all manner of questions.

"Now," said the employer, "I'm looking for someone who must be exceptionally sharp and who must cost me very little."

"Well," said the boy, "I reckon you'd better send out for a lemon."

"MY luck's right out," said Cohen. "I lost a lot of money in a deal; then I had my car stolen; now my wife is ill. How's that for being dead out of luck?"

"Not as bad as mine, my boy," replied Levy. "I bought a suit the other day with two pairs of trousers, and this morning I burned a hole in the coat!"



"She's a 'Wop,' sir. Must 'ave drifted out to sea"



"Go!—and never lighten my door again!"

ONE night Jones was discovered by his neighbour Brown trying to shove a horse on to his doorstep.

"Give a hand, old man," he pleaded. Brown, wondering, did so. They pushed the horse into the hall. "Now just let's get him up the stairs." So they pushed and shoved. "Now into the bathroom," said Jones. When they had got the horse safely in, Jones closed the door softly. "Why, why, why?" asked Brown.

"I'll tell you," said Jones. "I've got a brother-in-law staying with us, and he knows everything. But when he goes up to bath he'll shout: 'Hey, there's a horse in the bathroom,' and for the first time I'll be able to shout back: 'Yes, I know.'"

THE Hollywood film director who had lunched very well returned to the studio for an interview with a distinguished author. His visitor was waiting.

The director sat down and took up what he thought was a manuscript, but what, in reality, was the local telephone directory. This he studied gravely for some moments before saying: "Say, this isn't a bad little tale, but you'll have to cut down the number of characters."

HE was going home on Christmas Eve with a turkey he had won in a raffle. The road was very rough, and he fell several times, dropping the turkey each time, but picking it up again.

On reaching home, he steadied himself as well as he could, and said to his wife, "I've brought you eleven turkeys."

"Eleven turkeys?" cried his wife. "I can only see one."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "I fell down eleven times, and I swear I picked up a turkey each time."

TWO middle-aged Italian business men met in a street in Milan.

"How's business?" asked one.

"Very much better," said the other.

"Better?" cried the first, a note of incredulity in his voice.

"Yes—very much better than next year," his friend explained.



for the name: HERSHELLE
the label...

Hershelle
MODEL

"Who is she?"

A lucky man is he who will lunch with her at the Berkeley Restaurant! She's lovely in that suit, which heralds Spring as surely as the first snowdrop. Scotch Gun Checked Tweed makes it, the cross-check design firms it and Hershelle presents it—as one of the first models in their new collection.

HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Limited, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.



It is a cottage wallpaper that has inspired the design on the pastel tinted delaine used by Walpole's, New Bond Street, for the negligée above. It is lined throughout with shell-pink chiffon to match the rosebuds, while green velvet ribbon strikes a harmonising note with the foliage. The back is cut to give a slimming effect, while the sleeves make a frame for the elbows

Studies in Contrast

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION By M. E. BROOKE



Even in this very strenuous life there are a few days when women may have breakfast in bed. Walpole's, appreciating this fact, are making a feature of breakfast jackets at pleasantly moderate prices. For instance, the hand-knitted bolero jacket above is a guinea. Satin ribbon is introduced at the waist, and wool of the same colour outlines entire scheme



Simplicity is the all-important feature of the "robe" above; it comes from Liberty, Regent Street. It is carried out in a fine soft wool fabric, which wears remarkably well. Every one must make a point of seeing the shelter suits, which, with or without hoods, are sixty-five shillings. Interlined housecoats of satin are very much in the limelight



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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

SINCE no less a light than Bernard Darwin has admitted in print that arithmetic is his weak point, I make no apology for having been a little appalled on first study of the English Golf Union's statement regarding contributions from affiliated golf clubs, etc., in response to the president's appeal on behalf of the H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Out of a mass of figures, highly impressive whether in bulk or section, it would presumably be my business to do some adding up. It is all very well to talk glibly of millions in conversation; our astronomical war expenditure has accustomed the most impoverished of us to that, but a nought more or less is a serious matter when it comes to smaller sums raised by the sweat of man's brow and the softness of his (or her) heart.

So imagine the relief, on reaching the eighth and ninth pages of a most interesting and impressive document, to find that the hard work has been done for one. Here it is set out that the total subscribed to date to the English Golf Union is £1,948 0s. 1d.; to local branches or direct to H.R.H. Duke of Gloucester's Fund, including exhibition matches by professionals, £30,943 2s. 4d., making a total of £32,891 2s. 5d., whilst other amounts subscribed through golf clubs and associations, etc., in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Dominions, Colonies, etc., total £7,596 19s. 10d. That amount of addition is not beyond me; the two combined means that from golfing pockets actually identified as such, £40,488 2s. 3d. has found its way into Red Cross coffers. That still more has gone in with the ruck out of those same pockets under other guises

s quite certain: golfers have other interests and obligations outside the game, and in none of them can they escape giving, even if they wished so to do.

BUT the universality of Red Cross appeal is no more certain than its response from the golfers. Naturally, those clubs who had the privilege of staging matches by Henry Cotton and his brother professionals got a handsome return in enjoyment and possibly club-house profits on the day, but it is not the £21,351 13s. 4d. raised by those means, magnificent, not to say staggering, as that amount is, wherein the real splendour of the totals lie. It is in the endless small amounts from small clubs, many of them obscure, many of them artisans', which stir the heart, and at the same time show how much remains to be done by those other clubs who have not yet given.

GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND

No deduction for expenses, 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Donations may be sent to Miss Helme, here. Acknowledgements in *Fairway and Hazard* only.

The list of donors is too long to quote, and quite possibly an entry such as £12 14s. 9d. from Ellesborough Golf Club, £10 10s. from Effingham village, £2 2s. from Chislehurst Artisans means more than any four-figure sums in effort and generosity, but the lure of the big fellows cannot be altogether overlooked, and the temptation to enumerate the clubs which raised £1,000 or more through Cotton's matches, cannot be resisted. They are Trentham, £1,000; Mere, £1,000 14s. 11d.; Abbeydale, £1,100 5s. and Harborne which tops the lot with £2,113 19s. 1d. Cotton may put those figures in his pipe and smoke them with the most amazing satisfaction. So may the Ladies' Golf Union their £1,000 6s. 4d.

already sent up as the result of competitions organised by their clubs.

The letter, which comes with the statement of amounts received, is from Captain A. Stanley Bright, president of the E.G.U., a plea for continued co-operation so that a steady flow of money may be counted upon and administered in the best possible way in preference to any one large donation.

It is quite certain that the appeal will not fall on deaf ears when it reaches the Dominions, and Major Laverack's letter suggests that it is to be sent to golfers in all countries which are not occupied by the enemy.

TALKING of enemy occupied country, the best bit of news for many a long day reached me the other evening from a usually impeccable source.

Mrs. Fishwick, who told me that Madame Vagliano and her two daughters and son were safe in America. It had already been said that the Esmonds were there, but this was the first authentic news of the others.

More pleasant news is that Mrs. Wylie (Phyllis Wade) and her son are at Troon while her husband sails the seas; and that Miss Pam Barton is now the proud aunt of a nephew in India.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
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Apron 735. A dainty apron in reliable white British Organdie, trimmed attractive embroidery and stitching - - - 3'6"

Cap 439.

To match apron 2'3"

Set 193.

For semi-V neck 2'9"

The above prices are not subject to Purchase Tax so long as the articles are in stock.

Thelma. Afternoon Dress with inverted pleat down centre back and front. High collar or V neck.

All Wool Panama

Wm's 37'6; O.S. 39'11

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The above prices are inclusive of Tax.

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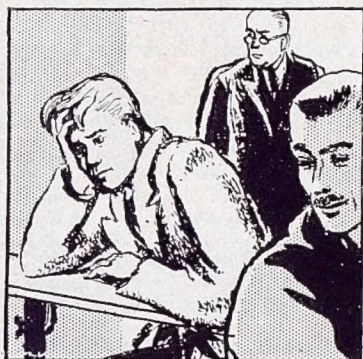
1. I am a draughtsman in a "hush-hush" department. One night I stayed late and got back to my digs to find I wasn't allowed in — time-bomb near. Dead tired, I dragged myself to my cousin Jack's.



2. Jack's family were in their cellar shelter. He kept turning on the light. His wife Mary made endless cups of tea. And the children were restless. I slept but I didn't get much good out of my sleep.



3. I felt fit for nothing in the morning and it took me over an hour to get to the office, standing the way, first in the long queue at the bus stop and then in the bus itself. I wasn't fresh when I arrived.



4. I couldn't do my work as well as I should. I didn't blame the chief when he said I wasn't exactly helping to win the war. "What shall I be like after months of this?" I wondered.



5. Johnson, at the next drawing board, gave me a tip. "What you want, old boy," he said, "is 1st Group Sleep. There are 3 Sleep Groups and 1st Group Sleep is the kind we all need. You want to take Horlicks."



6. That night at Jack's we all had hot Horlicks, and we had it every night after that. The kids couldn't get enough of it and we all felt the good it was doing us. I wasn't even awakened by Jack's snoring!



7. I am a new man now. I am fitter than I have been for a long time. I don't mind the journey to the office and the chief says that if there were more like me — well, Hitler would throw in the towel!

THERE ARE THREE SLEEP GROUPS

SCIENTISTS divide us into 1st, 2nd and 3rd Group Sleepers. The last group are wakeful, can't get to sleep. Group No. 2 may sleep 8 or 9 hours, yet wake still feeling tired. Only Group 1 sleepers get the deep, refreshing, restorative sleep we need to-day.

A cup of hot Horlicks last thing at night will give you 1st Group Sleep. It will help you to take the second year of the war in your stride. Prices from 2/-; the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.

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Fashions ...

illustrated from this Collection are two from the
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"Linda." Well tailored belted Coat in all wool material, with vent at back. Lined throughout. In black, navy, and a few good colours. Three small sizes.

98'6

"Marguerite." Attractive Jumper and Skirt in soft wool material, with new draped neckline fastening with buttons to tone. The skirt is slightly flared at back. In black, pale blue, wine or cherry. Three small sizes.

5½ gns.

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Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrewsbury,
Ham, York.

Way of the War (Continued from page 183)

scheme might be hampered by the severity of the climate during winter.

Since then matters have progressed a considerable distance. America has detailed flying fields which could be made available, and these, plus other facilities, have been inspected by competent British officials. At the same moment one learns that the Canadian scheme has progressed so satisfactorily that it is now ahead of programme and space for overflowing will become urgently necessary.

In these circumstances I shall not be surprised to learn in the near future that the American offer has been taken up, and that R.A.F. crews are being trained on United States soil.

The New American Minister

THE choice of Mr. William Averill Harriman to be the first United States Minister in London, while it comes as something of a surprise, will be none the less welcome. Mr. Harriman has a background of banking, is still on the sunny side of fifty, and has shown imagination in the use of the capital at the disposal of the famous house whose name he bears. The fact that the Union Pacific Railway is now one of the most successful in the United States is due in no small measure to Mr. Harriman's activities.

He is credited with having had the inspiration which led to putting the streamlined "Zephyr" express on the trans-continental run, and I have heard it said that he invested 4,000,000 dollars in creating and equipping the now most fashionable ski-ing resort in the United States—Sun Valley. Although more than half-way across the continent from New York, winter sports enthusiasts have not hesitated to climb into their Union Pacific sleepers and hasten away for short holidays in this ideal centre.

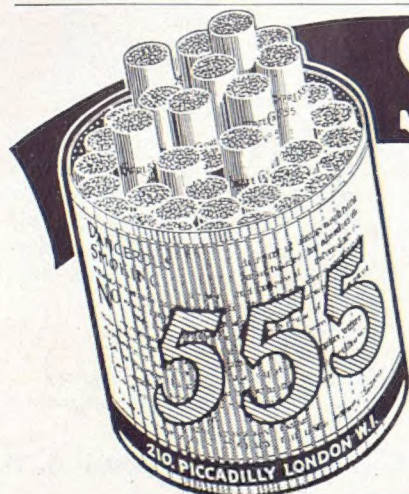
Mr. Harriman is said to be a good public speaker. This may be an important attribute in his new post, for Mr. John G. Winant, who will be the new American Ambassador in London, has no considerable gift of the gab. He is, indeed, rather a shy man and is reputed to have a taciturnity equal almost to that of Mr. Calvin Coolidge.

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**WHO NEVER GETS A
HEADACHE?**

If there is any one who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by a disturbed night, overwork, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you're suffering from an "acid condition" as well. It's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is bound to come back.

Next time take a sparkling, bubbling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the two-fold cure for headaches. It contains no Aspirin, has no awkward laxative effects, but it shifts the worst headache like magic and at the same time it counteracts the acid which is the real cause of your head.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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In her Du Barry tailored woollen suit Anne shops and goes visiting without a moment's embarrassment. The patented self-adjusting skirt gives complete freedom of movement, and, like all Du Barry models, is sensible, concealing and inexpensive. This suit is only 79/6. Other models in crepe Jugana from 42/-. Order by post with confidence or visit our West End showrooms. Write today for beautiful folio of designs.

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SHEFFIELD

ENJOYABLE READING FOR DULL DAYS



"Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers"

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one.

Also in the FEBRUARY issue:

"FIXED POST," by Arthur Mills.

"A SPOT OF LATIN," by A. M. Burrage.

"THE THINGS WE LIVE FOR,"

by Negley Farson.

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By W. E. Johns

She sighed. "I could be very, very happy—with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?"



"Bride of a Lancer"

By Cecillie Leslie

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . Father!"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. . . ."

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